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Global Glamour

Typical Beauties On All Our War Fronts

Painting by Henry Clive

Their Hired Girl Was Haunted

The Maid's Bed Was Floating Drunkenly Four Feet Off the Floor. She Was Frog-Eyed With Fright and Screaming at the Top of Her Lungs.

DON MIGUEL DE ITURBE and his wife, Charlotte, were entertaining friends at a quiet game of bridge in their Mexico City home the other night when suddenly—

The card table shot straight into the air like a rocket. With a resounding smack, it hit the ceiling, clung there a moment, and then fell back to the floor.

Cards and cigarette ashes, looking like the phony snow of a movie comedy, fluttered down on the startled guests. Gin and soda, from four Tom Collinses, ludicrously dripped off the ceiling like stalactites in a cave.

"Well!" snorted one fat dowager who had wound up in a jellied heap on the carpet. "I never in all my life..."

Everyone thought their host had pulled off some kind of practical joke.

But before the party was over, the apologetic Iturbe had convinced his friends that he had nothing to do with it. Actually, he was as mystified as the others.

When the last guest finally left for home, Don Miguel and Charlotte carefully examined the table legs. They even pushed back the rug to look carefully at the floor underneath. Nothing suspicious was to be found.

"I never saw anything like that before," Don Miguel told his wife as the two finally went upstairs to bed. "And I probably never will again."

But he was wrong. No sooner had he turned out the light, and crawled into bed, than piercing screams began coming from the servants' quarters.

Don Miguel, followed by his wife, ran hurriedly down the hall. They got there just in time to see one of the maids' beds suspended in mid-air. Looking not unlike a flying carpet, it was fully four feet off the floor. A terrified domestic, her eyes popped out like those of a frightened frog, was lying atop the mattress, hanging on for dear life and screaming at the top of her voice.

As the Iturbes and the other servants—too scared to move—watched in amazement, the bed slowly descended until it gently settled back on the floor.

Don Miguel and Charlotte never had been ones to believe in ghosts. But it was a cinch that, somehow, they had inherited one. The mysterious skyrocketing of the card table and the floating bed turned out to be just the beginning of their troubles.

For the next two weeks all kinds of queer things happened. Chairs moved suddenly of their own accord. Pictures fell off the walls. Strange sounds assailed their ears. It got so that the unnerved Iturbes were even thinking of selling their house.

Then one day, a parlor maid named Marie, cardboard suitcase in hand, came to see Don Miguel and his wife. She had been hired, through an agency, only three weeks before.

"I've come to quit," she announced. Her eyes were red from crying.

"I wish you wouldn't, Marie," said Senora de Iturbe. "This ghost trouble will be over soon."

"No, it won't," she sobbed. "Not as long as I'm here. You see, I'm the cause of it all."

Then, as her amazed employers listened, the hired girl blubbered out her story. She told how, three years before, she had worked as a medium for spiritualists.

"When I quit that job," she went on, "the spirits just wouldn't let me alone. Wherever I go, they go, too. I keep moving from job to job hoping that at the next place they'll leave me alone."

The girl hated the spooks that haunted her. "Until this happened to me," she explained, "I didn't even believe in ghosts. That's why it's silly for them to pick on me."

"I don't suppose," she sniffled into her handkerchief as she wound up her story, "you could possibly give . . . give me a reference?"

Don Miguel hesitated. "Well," he chuckled, "I guess it wouldn't be any lie to write a letter saying you worked with spirit."

"Once I leave," she promised, "there will be no more ghosts."

And there weren't.

Don't Look—You'll See More

AFTER countless hours of research and thousands of tests, two Canadian doctors have discovered that a person in the dark can see objects better by not looking directly at them.

These experts, Doctors D. Y. Solandt and C. H. Best, who were trying to work out new methods for improving the vision of night fighter pilots, found that when anyone is not gazing directly at something, he "sees" it out of the corner of his eye. This corner is much more sensitive to faint light than the front part.

The two Canadians also learned that when not much light is wanted—such as in reading instrument panels on planes—red shades are the best. Aviators were tested with different kinds of instrument boards, and reported that they could see the red-lighted ones easier.

As the result of this discovery, RAF planes are now being equipped with red lights. The control panels on the bridges of British warships are being similarly illuminated.

The Melancholy Miner Tried Hanging First—But the Spike Holding the Rope Pulled Out and Dumped Him on the Floor, Surprised and Alive.

He's Too Tough for Suicide

AFTER trying to kill himself by hanging, poison and gas, Joe Kenyon, a 52-year-old British miner, has promised not to annoy the police of the little Lancashire village of St. Helens any further with his suicide attempts.

"There's no use," he recently told a police court magistrate. "I guess I'm just too tough to die."

From the record, it looks as if all that Joe says is true. A bachelor, he was depressed over the death of his mother and father, so he decided to end it all.

Hanging, he thought, would be the easiest way out. So, attaching a length of rope, looped around his neck, to a spike, he jumped off a chair. The spike came out and Joe wound up in a disgusted heap on the floor.

Next, he decided, he would try poison. He took a healthy swig from a bottle in the medicine cabinet. The stuff made him violently ill, but didn't kill him.

Third time lucky, thought Joe. Turning on all the gas jets, after plugging up the doors and windows, he went to bed. The police, called by the neighbors, broke down the door and found the unkillable Joe staggering around the gas-filled room.

After listening to his story, the judge, who had it in his power to send the miner off to jail under British laws, decided to put him on probation for a year if he agreed to make no more attempts to do away with himself.

"I promise, Judge," Joe told the court. "Anyhow, I don't think I could if I tried."

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have

Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Doss Franklin of Chicago, Illinois

"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Chicago skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with lovely, soft Palmolive lather . . . as you would a cream. Do this for a *full* 60 seconds. This cleansing massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Rinse and dry. That's all!

"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was fresher, cleaner, less dry! Later I learned *many* skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS **IN ONLY 14 DAYS!**

• Brighter, cleaner skin • Finer texture • Better tone
• Fewer blemishes • Less dryness • Less oiliness
• Smoother skin • Fresher, clearer color
(*This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!*)

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

P. S. For tub or shower, try Palmolive in the New Big Bath Size! It's big! Generous! Thrifty! And men love it!

"My husband says I sure live up to my 'Cheerful' name, since washin' with Super Suds and all those

extra suds!"

Mrs. Cheerful Portley says:
"I'm all smiles about this new soap with MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS. Dirt gives in with less rubbin'. And that means less wear and tear on me—and my disposition!"

"RICH, HARD-WORKIN' SUDS, but mild on Ginger's nice colored pinafores. Real gentle on my hands too, thank goodness!"

"Usin' new Super Suds, my sheets come out the whitest white you can imagine. Nothin' strong added to Super Suds either!"

The milk-bottle suds test

Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water (cool or hard) in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get *more suds* from Super Suds.

"MEASLY LITTLE SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP. THEY DIDN'T LAST EITHER!" ➡

"UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS IN THE BOTTOM DIDN'T MAKE SUDS, AND YOU CAN'T RINSE CLEAN WITH THAT STUFF STICKIN'!" ➡

"IT DIDN'T SURPRISE ME TO SEE THOSE **HEAPS OF SUDS** FROM SUPER SUDS. THEY LASTED SO LONG TOO." ⬅

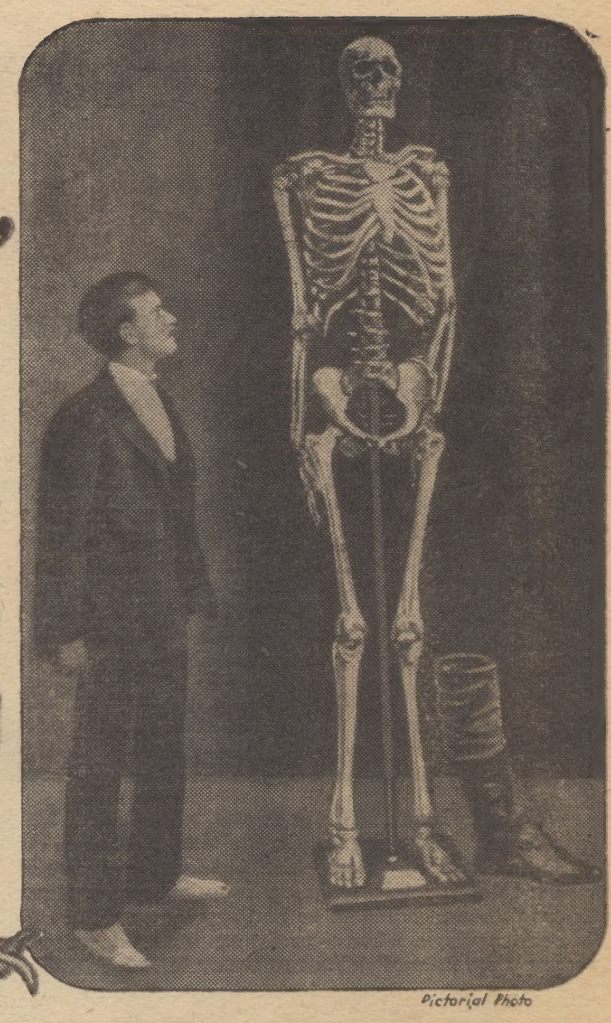
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE... **ALL** OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS... SAVES ON SOAP!" ⬅

FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

TUNE IN "BLONDIE" every SUNDAY night!
See radio page for time and station

★ **DON'T WASTE SOAP!** ★ Vital war materials are used in making soap

Fairy Tale Giants Real, Says Science



Pictorial Photo

London's Famed 8 Feet 7¾ Inches Tall O'Brien Skeleton Would Be Only a Midget Compared to Ancient Giants.

Discovery of Huge Ancient Humans Twice the Size of Modern Man Makes Fairy Tale Giants No Myth, and While Old Gigantopithecus Wasn't 40 Feet Tall, Like This Story-Book Ogre, He Topped 12 Feet.

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst

AT LAST science has proved what it long suspected—that those fairy tale giants really and truly did exist, "once upon a time." The time was more than a half million years ago and they were not occasional freaks, like the circus giant, or Goliath of the Bible.

These two-legged powerhouses were the normal type for their day.

Gigantopithecus, whose early existence recently was reported by Dr. Franz Weidenreich of the New York Museum of Natural History—co-discoverer of the giant with Dr. R. von Koenigswald of the Geological Survey of Netherlands Indies—averaged seven to nine feet tall, weighed 500 to 600 pounds and had teeth six times the size of modern man's and twice that of a gorilla. It is possible that an oversized Gigantopithecus may have stood 12 feet tall and weighed at least a half ton.

The most startling implication is that when the evidence is all in he may not be the all-time human heavyweight, but merely a middleweight.

Gigantopithecus flourished between 500,000 and 800,000 years ago in Java, and the human race has been shrinking in size ever since. The farther back we go the bigger we find our ancestors. How big the biggest man and what sized baby did his giantess mate present to him?

The final answers lie deep in the earth and caves of Java and Southern China, also probably in the deep future, after much excavation.

The first clue to Gigantopithecus appeared in the shop of an herb doctor in Hong Kong who had three "giant's teeth" for sale.

In 1934, into the shop casually walked one of the world's greatest authorities on fossil teeth, Dr. von Koenigswald.

He and Doctor Weidenreich were convinced that these were human teeth. This seemed preposterous, because they were twice the size even of the biggest ape teeth.

Finally in 1941, a jawbone was found in Java, unquestionably human, but of such gigantic size that it could have held those "giant" teeth. There had been many other scraps of evidence since Eugene Dubois, in 1891-1894, discovered the jawbones and skull pieces of the so-called "missing link," the ape-man of Java. Now pieces of the picture puzzle went together—the giant man could be reconstructed.

It was easy to understand why he had been so big and powerful. The giants ate enormous amounts of raw meat, balanced with fresh greens of the forest. Hunting and food-gathering were their principal daily business, but just around the corner were such hazards as the sabre-toothed tiger and the great cave bear, which reared to a height of 16 feet on his hind legs.

Teeth Tell the Story of the Giants. Left to Right Are Contrasting Molars of (1) Gigantopithecus, (2) Modern Gorilla, (3) Peking Man and (4) Modern Man.

© Illustrated London News

500,000-Year-Old Peking Man Had Brains For His Day, But Couldn't Match His Forebears in Size.

Gigantopithecus could swing such a heavy club that it would crush the tiger's skull as it sprang, beat down the guard of the bear and brain him. Those enormous teeth were unloseable and almost unbreakable tools, not only for mastication but for gnawing off the limb for a club.

He was perfect for his environment—then the environment changed. Perhaps he did it himself, by killing off all the food animals slow enough for such a heavy person to club. Anyhow, man became smaller, lighter and quicker.

Between 400,000 and 500,000 years ago there was Meganthropus of Java, still a giant, but weighing only 400 pounds. Even smaller and lighter, though still a powerhouse, was the man who next lived in caves of Java and Southern China and used fire.

A mere 200,000 years ago was Java's Nandoeg Man, with another marked reduction in size. Then came the Wadjah Man of Java, comparable with the Neanderthal Man of Europe.

All this time, as the body shrank, the skull grew, indicating an ever bigger brain. Obviously, intelligence was replacing mere size and the happy conclusion was drawn that man would continue to become ever more intelligent.

Unfortunately, this is not true. Modern man's brain has started to shrink. His brain-case averages smaller than that of the Cro-Magnon Men, who lived in Europe at the beginning of the Stone Age and had such huge brains that they have been called "Palaeolithic Greeks."

The reason seems to be that modern civilization is so organized that most persons can go through life with almost all their thinking done for them.

But the cave man had to think most of his dangerous problems out for himself. Any mistake he made was fatal to him.

Curiously enough, man's shriveling body has turned the corner and started to expand again, as proved by military and college measurements.

This was forecast by the confirmation of another legend, that of the little people, the dwarfs and fairies.

About 20 years ago, some of their underground homes were excavated in Hungary and parts of Central Europe.

Racial memories of the age of giants are to be found in ancient literature, such as the hair-raising account of Ulysses' adventure with the one-eyed giant Polyphemus. The Titans, too, a husky and aggressive gang of giants, always put up a terrible battle.

Too Nervous for Matrimony

Ida Lupino, Hollywood Star, Loves Her Husband Too Much to Live With Him—So She's Left Him.

HOLLYWOOD marital relations and tangles being what they are—mostly on a Technicolor pattern—two stars have come forward with a design for separation that deserves some kind of "Oscar" for a novel, if not a best, performance.

Separations and divorces are an old story in the film colony, but Film Star Ida Lupino and Actor Louis Hayward, currently a Marine Corps captain, gave a close-up of their separation program that was unique.

Most people decide to break up when love makes an exit. With the Haywards it's different. They separated because they are in love, but found that the association under the same roof made both nervous.

Paradoxically, they get along best together when they are separated, so that's the way they are trying to fashion their lives.

As a consequence, the famous daughter of the late Stanley Lupino, noted British actor, and the handsome Hayward decided to try the formula of separate lives and domiciles for husband and wife, first tried successfully many years ago by Fannie Hurst, the successful novelist, and her husband.

They say there has been no talk of divorce, no legal separation. They are just going to go their separate ways—and stay married. Miss Lupino is staying in the couple's home, while Hayward has moved.

The temperamental differences of Miss Lupino and her husband have been generally known to their associates in Hollywood for a number of years. Soon after their marriage in 1938, the exactions of marital ties began to place a strain on their personal lives.

Both are individualists. They got on each other's nerves, no matter how much respect each had for the other's artistic ability.

They recognized their dilemma and were on the verge of a trial separation shortly before the United States entered the war in 1941.

On December 6, 1941, Hayward, British-born, like his wife, received his citizenship papers. The next day the headlines blazed the Jap sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

A short time later, Hayward was in the Marine Corps. Personal differences were swept aside by the surge of war. Anyway, military service provided the separation the couple had been considering.

As the tempo of the conflict rose, Miss Lupino shared the anxiety and worry of every other war-wife. Her husband was in the Pacific war theatre. When the deadly battle of Tarawa was fought, Capt. Hayward was in a landing party. His conduct won a citation for bravery and the Bronze Medal.

As soon as the costly conquest of that Jap stronghold was completed, Capt. Hayward was flown back to the mainland with pictures he had made of the historic battle.

Capt. Hayward was badly shaken by physical and nervous exhaustion. His health was impaired further by an attack of acute bronchial asthma. But like wives of other fighting men, Miss Lupino was waiting to greet her husband with open arms.

Adrenalin was administered to Hayward to relieve his asthmatic condition so that he could complete his work on the pictures he had returned. That treatment aggravated his nervousness. As soon as his task was finished he was ordered into the Naval Hospital at Corona, Cal.

Miss Lupino was a regular and devoted visitor at his bedside. Many who knew of the couple's differences lauded the actress's loyalty. Her intimates say her attentions were prompted sincerely by love.

But when the captain was released from the hospital the couple took the step they were contemplating three years ago, but postponed because of the war. Hayward moved into separate quarters. He is scheduled to receive an early medical discharge from the service.

Nervous strain also had taken its toll of Miss Lupino. There was worry for months about her husband's safety.

With Hayward's return, it probably soon became apparent that the experiences of war had increased, not lessened, his nervous disposition.

Then fresh concern over the solution of their personal problems put a new burden on Miss Lupino's jittery nerves. Early this year her health reached such a low stage that her doctor ordered her to give up her motion picture work for at least a few months and get a real rest.

"Ida has been a perfect angel to me," Hayward explained gallantly. "There is no one more considerate. There is no other love interest in my life and I know there is no one in hers. It's just one of those things."

Miss Lupino likewise discussed the separation only in soft words.

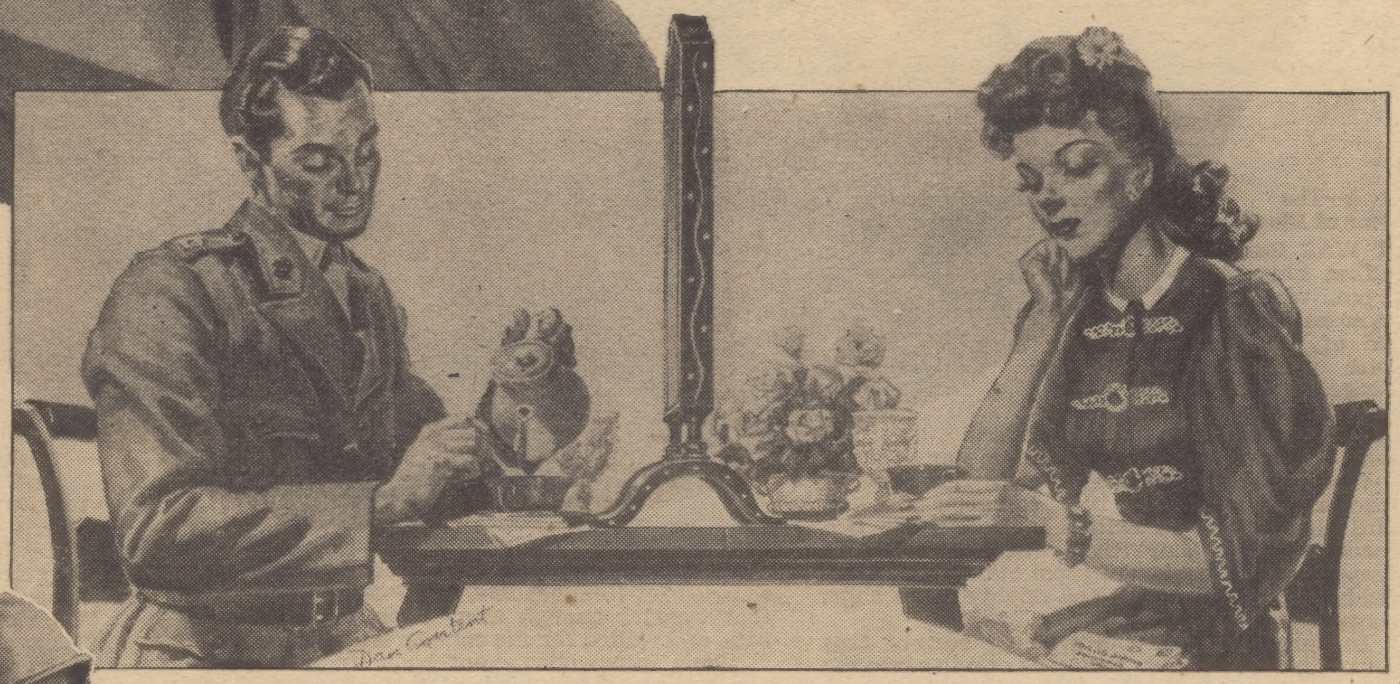
"He has done a magnificent job in the Marines," she said, "and I only feel sorry for him. He is so nervous."

Now that their separation is in effect, they exchange daily phone calls.

There is no conflict or nervous irritability aroused at phone's length.

They say they expect to continue to see each other, have dates, appear together at the film colony social functions, then repair to their individual establishments.

Strange as it may seem, they think that's really the way they can keep love alive.



"That Certain Feeling" Has Made the Louis Haywards So Nervous That They Have Agreed to Live With a Protecting Wall Between Their Lives.

Captain Louis Hayward, Marine Corps Hero, Who Gets Along Better With His Wife When They're Apart.

The LONG ROAD BACK

Taw Min Heard His Wife's Voice, and Crept Along the Deck to See a Sight That Set the Blood Throbbing Madly in His Temples.

No. 4—The River of Blood.

IT WAS Burma's first king, Alompra, who gave it the name "Yan Kon," or End of the War. The name gradually became changed to Rangoon. Yet the loyal Burmese still believe that when Rangoon again falls into our hands it will signalize the end of this war.

When the Japs reached the all time low in treachery in December, 1941, Rangoon was the third biggest port in British India. In the rice season the Irrawaddy River was cluttered with sampans, paddy boats, the great stern wheel Irrawaddy Flotilla Co. boats, and mighty grain ships from all over the world.

In June and July the swirling current that carried its yellow stain hundreds of miles into the Bay of Bengal was almost impassable for anything without powerful engines.

The lofty spire of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, wherein lies authentic hairs of Gautama, points, glittering with jewels from the coffers of Mindon Min, nearly 400 feet above the bazaars. Each generation covers its body with gold leaf.

The mighty platform is crowded with hundreds of merit temples—gilded, jewelled, carved and worshiped—that cluster about the great pagoda.

And in the rest houses behind the temples are housed the pongwis, the yellow-robed monks that stroll through the streets and alleys, with their begging bowls outstretched for the offerings.

But among the shaven-headed pilgrims there were many whose carriage had not the humble graces of the monk; they strutted with a military precision that went ill with the yellow robes.

And, when the bombers roared over from Victoria Point, that Imperial Airways base that was first to be attacked, and the screaming millions ran about China Street and its alley like disturbed ants—and died with the undramatic simplicity of ants—the false monks grinned and scurried for Kemmendine, that fashionable suburb that was far enough away from the city to be safe, and waited for the conquerors to come in.

Some brave ones crept back, to add to the panic about the railway station where refugees were pleading to board the overloaded cars to the north. Natives, Hindu, Burmese, Chinese, tried to crowd the market scows and stern wheelers to run up river to what they hoped was safety from the showering bombs.

But the silver bells of the Sule Pagoda still tinkled in the evenings and the gongs of the faithful, tapping to draw attention to their virtue, still echoed through the panicky city.

And among those who knelt quietly before a gilded temple on Shwe Dagon Hill was one Taw Min, rice boat captain whose boat had been fired by a false monk, and who rocked on his knees because he was not whispering mantras, but curses.

Taw Min left the Hill and wandered along Monkey Point Road. Below the teak wharves was a small hut wherein his wife waited. She was pretty in her tiny white sarong and blue jacket, and her eyes were calm as she watched her husband tread between the puddles.

"We will wait until the monkey people go away. Then we will buy another boat," he told her, and spat because he knew he lied.

The Japs came. They overran the place after it was evacuated. Their false monks appeared in uniforms and struck at passing Burmese with shiny swagger canes.

Meanwhile Taw Min found a boat. A fine teak boat with a high, carved tiller chair, and a stern that lifted sharply like a scimitar from the waters of the Irrawaddy.

He only wanted a crew to get downstream and away to Moulmein where he hoped to find safety for his small wife. He did not know that Moulmein was also in the dirty hands of the Japs.

Then one morning, according to word just come via "underground," a portly Burmese with purple skirt, white tunic and a pale blue headdress, pedalled solemnly down to the wharf.

"Oh, rice boat man," he called.

"Master?"

"Are you a man who knows this river?"

"Aye, that I am." Taw Min smelt trade.

"So, a crew will come and a cargo, for Mandalay."

IT WAS later that day that a file of Jap soldiers stamped down to the landing and coolies loaded wooden cases into the boat. Several ragged river men shambled aboard.

"Here be your crew," called a Jap officer. "You will take this cargo to Mandalay."

Then Taw Min heard a scream from his cabin directly under his seat.

He snatched a dah from beside him and slid to the deck, but the Jap officer came closer and there was a pistol in his hand.

"Back to your post," he whispered.

"My woman—"

"You have no woman," said the Jap coldly.

Taw Min climbed to his post and watched the grinning Japs file aboard.

It was late that evening when his crew cast off. The current was running strong and the sweeps of the ragged crew made little headway against

The Ruthless Jap Juggernaut Could Conquer But Not Enslave the Ancient Warrior Peoples of the Eastern Seas; and Now It Can Be Told How They Waged á Savage Underground Struggle With Parang and Kris, and Subtle, Age-Old Cunning to Prepare the Way for Our Eventual and Victorious March on Tokio

The Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon Beneath Whose Golden Spires Japan's Fifth Column Hid.

GENDREAU PHOTO

GALLOWAY PHOTO

Burmese Boys Smoke These Whacking Big Cheroots That Actually Contain a Little Mild Tobacco.

it. But the Japs lashed at them until they bled and the craft gradually reached the main stream of the river.

Then they caught a tow of many other rice boats laden with Jap troops, and a number of Flotilla Co. steamers, under Jap officers, started them on the six-day voyage to Mandalay.

Several times that night Taw Min heard his wife crying, but a buck-toothed sentry grinned every time he made a move.

Three nights later he heard her voice and crept along the deck to see a sight that set the blood throbbing and boiling madly in his temples.

He would have sprung forward, unarmed, to snatch her from the Jap officer's arms, but the grinning sentry's sharp bayonet pricked him back.

Next day he crept close again—there was no sentry and she was alone.

"Ho, father of wind," she called to him. "Where is thy tongue, o, slave? Who is this man who sells his wife for opium?"

"What? They kept us away with guns," he muttered.

"Lies, but I do not care. The masters are generous. I have rubies and I have opium of the best quality, and other things that make me laugh and sing. Oh, fool, steer thy boat of pigs."

That night he heard her singing a bawdy song of the bazaars, and the soft stamp of bare feet.

At Mandalay the boats discharged their cargoes and Taw Min watched them move away.

He went down to his wife. She was in a drugged sleep, lying in a filthy mess of straw, her face was haggard with weariness.

In the afternoon an officer came aboard and handed Taw Min a bag of silver rupees.

And for the next four months he steered his boat wherever ordered, adding to his store of silver at every voyage. His wife, shrill, untidy and a drug addict, swore at him continuously and went ashore at night with the Jap soldiers.

Then one morning there was much bustle. Coolies came aboard and cleaned the boat from stem to stern. The cabin roof was repaired and an awning shipped over the foredeck. Much gilt work was added to the carved deck poop, and luxurious furniture was carried into the cabin.

"A great one with many mighty officers will go to Rangoon," Taw Min was told.

Taw Min licked his lips and spat betel juice.

There was a strong guard, and many Burmese in bright skirts and turbans bowing obsequiously while a fat, elderly officer, his green tunic ablaze with medals, waddled aboard. Behind him younger men, also in bright uniforms with swords, marched haughtily. Taw Min counted fourteen.

Orderlies and cooks bore great bundles, and late that night giggling women were borne in rickshas to the river bank.

That night Taw Min heard tinkling music and smelt cooking food. Men sang queer nasal songs and there was the popping of corks.

Once he heard his wife in the bows giggling with one of the orderlies.

Twice during the trip the great man in plum-colored kimono spoke to him and gave him a cigar of strong, brown white man's tobacco. There was one night when they made his wife dance naked for them, and he listened long to their high-pitched, jeering laughter.

On the sixth night the rice boat neared the arm that led to Rangoon.

This was June, when the river ran strong, and the coolies had little to do but keep steerage way. But he called them out now and bade them keep silent while he steered away from the arm.

He could see a few lights, for there was a blackout, but he knew the river like an old friend.

It was near dawn and one of the orderlies was shouting questions at him.

"We arrive soon? I see no lights."

"There are none here, oh, monkey man," yelled Taw Min, and shoved the tiller hard over.

THE VESSEL grounded and heaved. Then she smashed down, and black water, stinging with sand, splashed over the tiller chair.

Someone yelled in the cabin, and shots echoed through the roof. The sentry dropped his rifle and clung to the rail. There was a screech and Taw Min's wife clawed her way along the deck.

Something smashed her down and she slid overboard. The boat was listing now, its deck almost vertical.

Taw Min clung to his seat looking straight ahead. He did not hear the panicked yells nor the choking screams as one by one the Japs were washed overboard.

Then something climbed the teak towards him. He reached for his dah, wedged under his chair, and slashed at the yellow bald head of the Jap general.

The general was still twitching in his pool of blood, but Taw Min kept on looking straight ahead. It seemed as though he knew not what was going on about him.

But Taw Min knew only too well. His whole being was keyed up to one aim: to exterminate the despicable Japs who were about him.

Although he never looked to the right or left, his pent-up instinct of revenge told him that the Jap general was still moving. Like a monstrous automaton he again lifted his dah and slashed at the yellow bald head.

That was the end of the general. He never budged again.

While the screaming of the drowning Japs passed his unheeding ears, Taw Min once more lifted his dah. This time it descended with lightning-like speed on the skull of a Jap soldier who had somehow managed to sneak up along the deck from behind him.

Taw Min had hit him with such strength that he severed the Jap soldier's head, which rolled down the sharply slanting deck and sank in the blood-stained river.

The boat turned over then, and Taw Min, hurled overboard, tasted the brackish water of his river, the river that had washed his face clean.

And the Irrawaddy will wash clean the face of Burma in good time. For Rangoon is filled with those who realize they were mistaken with the New Order envisioned by the Japanese.

Wingate's Chindits found that the upper Burmese were their friends. It will not be long before General Joseph J. Stilwell will have his Burma Road open and then the way back to China will again be free of the rats who now clutter it.

Then the bells of the Sule Pagoda will sound again and the Shwe Dagon will testify that the True Belief cannot be denied in the city that is named End of War.

THE END.

GALLOWAY PHOTO

BLACK STAR PHOTO

A Padaung Woman Wears High Collars of Brass Rings Around Her Frail Neck. The Japs Have Killed Many Such to Obtain the Brass for Making Cartridge Cases. And Right—A Beauty of Lower Burma.

How to keep your live wires lively

Big or little, boys will be boys — and who would want to change 'em? Just remember that they've got to have something to go on — that's why you so often hear:

"No meal's complete without bread to eat.'

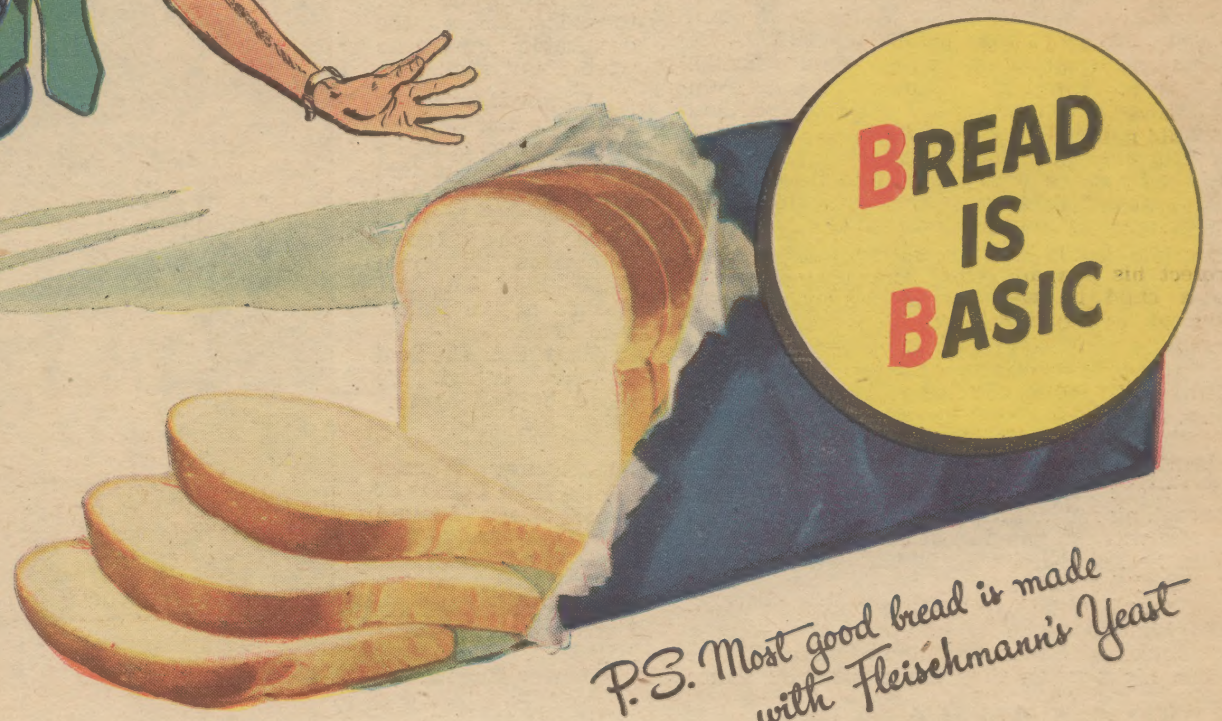
Folks say that because they like bread. Because it "fits in" with almost anything you serve.

But it's also because today's tempting, fine-textured baker's bread is one of our best "fuel" foods. And active bodies need plenty of "fuel" to run on.

Like a "hi-test" fuel

Enriched white bread from your baker — made to official government standards — is like modern "hi-test" fuels. In addition to food-energy, it contains body-maintaining proteins, iron to help make blood, even important vitamins.

Why not use plenty—to keep your live wires as lively as you like them?



HIGH AUTHORITIES SAY:

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG ★ EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY ★

No food has been improved so much in so short a time as enriched, white bread under the joint program of the U.S. Government and the Baking Industry.

P.S. Most good bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast

The British Harewood Clan's Unbroken Bad Luck Streak

Isolated From the Outside World as a Baby, Surrounded by Guards and Food-Tasting Nurses, the Earl of Harewood's Son Evaded the Family Jinx—Until He Went to War.

Ever Since a Jilted Chorus Girl Cursed the Old Marquess, His Relatives Have Suffered One Tragedy After Another—And Now It Touches the Royal Family

THE unbroken streak of bad luck which has harried the noble Harewoods for half a century reached out the other day and struck at the British Royal Family. Ever since the last Marquess of Clanricarde jilted a chorus girl, it has been pursuing the wealthy clan, sending seven of them to untimely death. And now it has touched Viscount Lascelles, elder son of the Earl of Harewood and his wife, The Princess Royal Mary.

Viscount Lascelles, only 21, was fighting in Italy with the British Sixth Tank Division as a lieutenant when, wounded in action, he was captured by the Germans.

Radio Berlin made much of the distinguished prisoner, identifying him, correctly, as a nephew of King George VI, but gave no details about his wounds. A war correspondent for the Canadian Broadcasting Co. supplemented the information by cabling that Lascelles was so severely injured he could not be moved except by jeep. When a comrade, gone in search of one, returned, the young officer was missing.

The Earl of Harewood did everything he could to protect his son and heir. As a child he was surrounded by guards and provided with special trains when traveling. He even had servants to taste his food. For the Earl of Harewood feared the prophecy of doom pronounced by the angry chorus girl. He had inherited it, along with the millions of the Marquess of Clanricarde. But he couldn't shield his boy on the battlefront.

Clanricarde's free and easy love life was to blame. As a young man with plenty of money he became enamored of a girl in a London music hall. They planned to marry. But, in the 70's, when Clanricarde succeeded to the title, $25,000,000 and Portumna Castle in Ireland, he broke off the engagement, fearing a scandal.

The girl went on with her career. Clanricarde went into decline. He became mean and miserly. Through neglect, he let the magnificent family estate in County Galway fall into ruins. He took a small apartment in London and, in his parsimony, even washed his own socks.

Princess Royal Mary, Mother of the Young Viscount Lascelles (Left) Wounded in Italy and Now a German Prisoner.

Meanwhile he bought art treasures. Not that he had any place to exhibit them. He stored them in a warehouse, considering them a better investment than stocks or bonds.

One day he received a summons from his former sweetheart. She had fallen ill. Doctors told her she would not live long and she asked the marquess for a small sum to ease the worries of her numbered days. Clanricarde angrily refused.

The girl flared into a rage. She put a hex upon him, vowing that if she couldn't have him no other woman would. She cursed his wealth and prophesied that it would bring him only unhappiness. And, she declared, he would sire no child to inherit his name and his fortune.

That night the girl killed herself.

As time went on, the words proved true. The marquess did not marry. He had no children. So he began giving thought, in his solitude, to what would happen to his fortune.

Being most frugal he determined to prevent his money from falling into the hands of a spendthrift. So the miserly nobleman devised a scheme for its protection.

Every once in a while the marquess invited his young relatives to his quarters and questioned them about their diversions. Then he remarked that the amusements of youth were expensive and offered a loan of $5,000 without interest. Invariably each one accepted eagerly.

Finally he got around to his grandnephew, Lord Lascelles, the present Earl of Harewood. The same proposition was made to him.

To the old man's astonishment, the offer was declined.

"I'd rather not be in debt," Lascelles said.

That incident decided who was to be the legatee of the millions—and the prophecy of doom. When he died, during the last World War, the money went to his grandnephew.

It soon became apparent that the Harewood clan accumulated the chorus girl's anathema as well as the marquess' pounds sterling. It started with the Earl of Harewood's sister, Viscountess Boyne.

In 1937 Viscountess Boyne's granddaughter, Charmian Hamilton-Russell, 4, fell down an elevator shaft and was killed. In less than a year the child's mother died of grief.

Shortly thereafter the dowager Countess of Harewood, mother of the Earl of Harewood and Viscountess Boyne, died after an accident. The same fate overtook Viscount Boyne.

Then came the war. All four of Viscountess Boyne's sons were officers in the British Army. Gustavus, the eldest, was about to be evacuated with thousands of others at Dunkirk when he was mortally wounded.

John, the third son, fell in the Middle East when a booby trap exploded. Desmond, the youngest, died in Sicily when a truck overturned. Only Richard is still living.

And now Viscount Lascelles has been wounded on a battlefield and is a prisoner of war.

The Earl of Harewood himself has suffered bitter disappointment.

When he married Princess Mary in 1922 he had every reason to believe he would be elevated to a dukedom. Harewood has had no such reward.

Extraordinary Eclipse of the Boy Genius

Little William Sidis Wrote Expertly About Anatomy at the Age of Five and Matriculated at Harvard When 11—But When He Died at 46, He Was in Complete Oblivion and Left to Posterity Only a Collection of Street Car Transfers

Spellbound, the Harvard Professors Listened as the Rosy-Cheeked, Sandy-Haired 12-Year-Old Demonstrated, With Abstruse Mathematical Formulas, the Nature of the Fourth Dimension, Probably the Most Difficult of All Concepts for the Human Mind to Grasp. He Would Rival Einstein, the Professors Predicted.

Dr. Boris Sidis, Who Set Out to Make His Child a Genius.

EUROPEAN PHOTO

William James Sidis, When He Was Known as a World Child Prodigy.

YOU COULD almost tell his story with the proverb: At 10 years a wonder-child; at 15 a talented youth; at 20 just an ordinary man.

William James Sidis, the most celebrated child prodigy of modern times—at five author of a treatise on anatomy; at 12 lecturer at Harvard on the fourth dimension—died the other day a haunted, lonely nobody of 46 with nothing to show for his adult years but a collection of street car transfers.

At first it seemed as if he would disprove another axiom—the genius is born, not made. For if ever a child's parents set out to make it a genius they were Sidis's. Both were physicians. His mother's sister, incidentally, is the mother of Clifton Fadiman, interlocutor of Information Please.

Dr. Boris Sidis, a specialist in the treatment of abnormal psychology, had maintained that parents should have their children taught grown-up subjects while they were infants. Infants' brains, he believed, were capable of digesting knowledge usually considered beyond the grasp of any but mature students, and parents should not be afraid of overtaxing infants' minds.

When other babies were clutching toys, young William James, named for the great philosopher, was fumbling alphabet blocks and being drilled in their meaning. There were no nursery rhymes, no baby talk, no games. He did not absorb knowledge unconsciously, naturally; it was forced on him.

Certainly he started out to make good for his father's theories almost from the day of his birth—April 1, 1898, in Brookline, Mass.

At six months he could recite the alphabet. At two he could read grown-up books. At three he devised a mathematical formula by which he could tell on what day of the week any date in 10,000 years would fall. By four he was a skilled typist; at five he wrote the treatise on anatomy and was an expert accountant.

At six years his mother entered him in the first grade in a public school. When she called for him at noon he was in the 3rd.

In six months he had skipped through the seven-year course; in three months more he had finished at Brookline High, was a master of Latin, French, Russian and German, physics, integral and differential calculus; had invented a new system of logarithms, passed the entrance examinations to Massachusetts Institute of Technology and, in anatomy, to Harvard Medical School, and was writing a book on astronomy.

Denied admission to Harvard because of his youth, he went for a year to Tufts College, commuting by trolley. It was then that he started collecting transfers—the only normal boyish interest he seems ever to have displayed. When he was 11 Harvard permitted him to matriculate.

It was in January, 1910, less than a year afterward, that Sidis, a rosy-cheeked, 12-year-old in short pants, lectured before a hundred learned professors on the fourth dimension.

That performance marked the turning point for young Sidis. He became a patient in his father's sanitarium in Portsmouth, N. H., and when he returned to college he was changed.

He was apparently well, but painfully shy, sullen and suspicious. He proclaimed his hatred of women. He became rude.

Modern psychologists would say that William had felt he had been cheated of his youth; that he hated his parents for it.

Certainly he followed, in one instance, a pattern which many psychologists describe as a symbolic expression of rebellion against parental authority—he became a violent Leftist. He took part in a May Day demonstration, was arrested and faced 18 months imprisonment when the case was dropped.

He had graduated from Harvard at 15, had taken a teaching fellowship in mathematics at Rice Institute in Texas, and in nine months alienated students and faculty.

There followed a few years studying law at Harvard, the May Day episode, and after that—obscurity. It was only by chance that his identity as the author of "Notes on the Collection of Transfers" was revealed. A reporter discovered him in New York, in 1924, operating an adding machine for $23 a week. All he wanted, he said, was not to have to think. His pay, as a rule, had been $15 a week.

A few weeks ago he was taken to the hospital in Boston. Four days later he was dead, from pneumonia and cerebral hemorrhage.

"Oh,—please! Is there a doctor in the alleys?"

1. **MRS. L.:** Darling! Your poor face—it's *purple!* Put down that ball—I'll get a doctor!

HANK: Aw, it's nothing. I always purple up when I exercise in these shrunk-up shirts.

MRS. L.: *Hen*-ry! Are you telling me that, in this enlightened day and age, you don't look for the "Sanforized" label when you buy shirts?

HANK: "Sanforized" label? What's that got to do with ME?

2. **MRS. L.:** Merely this—Mr. Tall, Dark, and Purple! Everything that has a "Sanforized" label aboard means the fabric can't shrink even a niggling 1%. So, a "Sanforized" shirt holds its *fit* till cows stroll home, till ladies lay off lipstick, till husbands get some sense!

HANK: Well, cut my hair and call me "Shorty"! Whyn't you tell me this YEARS AGO? Come on, let's scram! I'm buying *ten*—no, twenty shirts with "Sanforized" labels!

AVOID WASTE...GET PERMANENT FIT...
LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

3. **MRS. L.:** Darling, *look!* Buying twenty of *anything* today, is a sure-fire way to create a shortage. Buy only what you *need*—and if you look for the "Sanforized" label, you'll find you need fewer shirts!

HANK: Wonderful! I'm buying you TWO EXTRA War Bonds to celebrate this discovery! Can't complain about *that* buying, can you?

US: The "Sanforized" label is your assurance that the fabric can't shrink even 1% in men's and women's work clothes . . . men's shirts, shorts, pajamas . . . women's sportswear, house dresses, slips . . . washables for boys and girls . . . slip covers, drapes. Be patient if your store doesn't *always* have them. But don't ever stop asking!

•SANFORIZED•

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Fabric Shrinkage less than 1% by the Government's Approved Test

"SANFORIZED": Checked standard of the trade-mark owner. The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on **"Compressive Pre-Shrunk"** fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark. **Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.**

PENANCE

By WARREN HALL

PUNISHMENT by ridicule, once the most popular method of curbing innocuous transgressors, is staging a comeback in the occupied and newly freed countries of Europe. In Norway, Denmark, Yugoslavia, France and Italy, groups of irate citizens have been taking the law into their own hands and have heaped shame on those women whose conduct was judged to be unpatriotic.

Girls who consorted with foreign soldiers have been seized, given mock trials, then shorn of every lock of hair until their heads glistened like billiard balls. Sometimes the offenders also were stripped of their clothes. In either case, they were pushed into public view to endure the jibes of many of their neighbors and friends.

It is too early yet to determine whether the punishment is effective in deterring others, or how widespread it may become, but the practice inevitably recalls the days of the ducking stool and the cucking stool, the timbrel and the gumstole, the pillory and the stocks, the bilboes, the brank and the jougs, the scarlet letter and the clipped ears, the humiliation of the Drunkard's Cloak and the disgrace involved in Riding the Stang.

In an era when dozens of minor crimes could mean loss of a hand or an arm, disfigurement for life, or the most unpleasant of deaths at the chopping block, the wheel, the rack or the stake, these were merely the conventional ways of impressing the populace that the straight and narrow path was the safest to tread.

They lacked the imagination and refinement of more exquisite mental tortures devised by subtler Solomons. Haroun-al-Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad, once became enraged because the Grand Vizier, Yahya, allowed his son to marry the caliph's sister. He had Yahya put in a cage and carried into the market place. There, before the eyes of the anguished old man and anyone else who cared to watch, the vizier's beautiful daughter was stripped of her clothing, disgraced and brutally mistreated by slaves.

Anne of Russia, angry because she thought a young prince had slighted her, stuffed a large basket with straw, filled it with eggs and put it in the center of one of the principal rooms of the palace. She compelled the prince to squat in the basket, flap his arms like a chicken and cackle at the top of his voice while her courtiers roared with laughter.

Of all the cities which prescribed bitter doses of ridicule for offenders in the Middle Ages, Nuremberg probably was the most versatile. Brawling women were put in the fiddle, a violin-shaped collar which fitted around the neck and also gripped the hands at a belligerent angle. Then the fiddles were linked together and the women were sent out in the streets.

Poor musicians were locked in a similar device which kept their hands in playing position. Men guilty of filthy speech had to wear an iron mask representing a pig's head, and quarrelsome wives wore dragon masks.

Throughout Europe, and in America as late as the Civil War, those who imbibed too freely were forced to don the Drunkard's Cloak, which was a barrel with the bottom knocked out, a hole in the top for the head and holes in the sides for the arms. When a tipsy Nuremberg husband beat his wife, there was a special barrel painted with caricatures of a wife-beater.

In some parts of Europe there was a much more effective if less imaginative implement for silencing quarrelsome wives. Called the brank, or Scold's Bridle, it was an iron frame which was locked over the head. In the front was a plate of iron, either sharpened or covered with spikes, which fitted into the mouth and made any attempt to speak an extremely painful process.

Some houses had hooks by the fireplace. If the wife started to scold, the husband would send for the constable, who would bring a brank, apply it properly, and hook up the noisy female until she promised to behave.

Bald as the Day They Were Born, Three Cherbourg Belles Grieve for Their Shorn Locks After Having Been Shaved and Paraded Through the Streets for Consorting With Nazis.

The Scarlet Letter "A" Gleamed on the Chest of Hawthorne's Hester Prynne as She Stood on the Pillory Platform With Her Nameless Baby.

Although it was never sanctioned by law, the brank was in common use. It never came to America, but Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts felt that a cleft stick would be just as effective. Many a puritan dame stood in public for an hour or more with such a stick holding her unruly tongue.

The cucking stool and the ducking stool have frequently been confused. The first was a chair placed in front of the home of a common scold, who was tied in it and allowed to scold as much as she pleased. The ducking stool, however, was put on the end of a long pole similar to a well sweep, located at the edge of a pond or river. Scolds and gossips were fastened in it and dipped a prescribed number of times.

The gumstole was a sort of mobile ducking stool, erected on a framework that could be pushed from one spot to another, and the timbrel was a two-wheeled cart in which an offensive woman could be similarly immersed.

The gumstole was popular in America. Writing to a friend from Hungars Parish, Va., in 1634, Thomas Hartley told how it was used:

"The day afore yesterday at two of the clock in ye afternoon I saw this punishment given to one Betsy, wife of John Tucker, who by ye violence of her tongue has made his house and ye neighbors uncomfortable.

"She was taken to ye pond near where I am sojourning by ye officer, who was joined by ye Magistrate and ye Minister, Mr. Cotton, who had frequently admonished her, and a large number of People. They had a machine for ye purpose yt belongs to ye Parish and which I was so told had been used three times this summer.

"It is a platform with four small rollers, or wheels and two upright posts between which works a Lever by a Rope fastened to its shorter or heavier end. At ye end of ye longer arm is fixed a stool upon which sd. Betsy was fastened by cords, her gown tied faste around her feet. The machine was then moved to ye edge of ye pond, ye Rope was slackened by ye officer and ye woman was allowed to go down under ye water for ye space of half a minute.

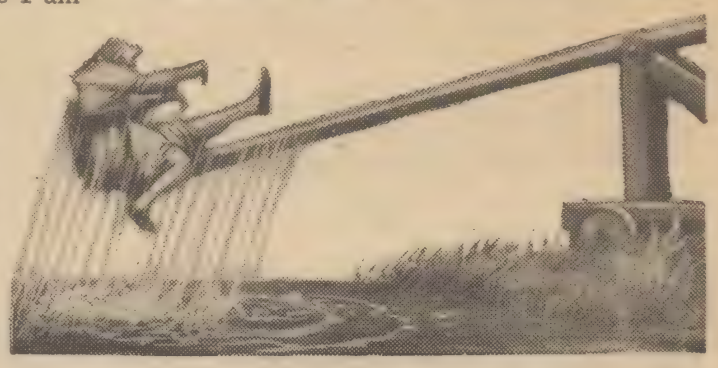
"Betsy had a stout stomach, and would not yield until she had allowed herself to be ducked five times. At length she cried piteously! 'Let me go. Let me go. By God's help I'll sin no more.' Then they drew back ye machine, untied ye Rope and let her walk home in her wetted clothes, a hopefully penitent woman."

The pillory and the stocks were among the most common of all punitive devices. The pillory resembled a large signpost, with holes in the sign for the head and hands of the culprit. Usually there was a lettered scroll detailing his crime. The hapless prisoner was not only jeered, but pelted with garbage, dead cats, rotten vegetables, addled eggs and even harder substances which often caused injury or death.

The stocks, usually located by the main road at the edge of a town, held the feet of a prisoner instead of his head and arms, but exposed him to similar abuse. An iron bar with loops of chain to hold the ankles was called the bilboes and was used for the same purpose. The jougs, or bregan, was an iron collar with a chain, and usually fastened to the church door, a tree in the churchyard, at the market cross or at the weighing post.

Few towns either in Europe or America were without their stocks. But sometimes justice triumphed. The first malefactor set in the strong new stocks at Boston was Edward Palmer, the carpenter who made them. The town decided he had charged too much for the job.

Riding the Stang was a favorite ordeal re-



—by RIDICULE

Int'l Photos

The Victim Shown Was a Terrified and Agonized Girl When, After Being Dragged From Her Normandy Home, She Felt the Clippers on Her Head and Then Fingered Her Unglorified Crown.

served for husbands who were profligate, beat their wives or allowed themselves to be henpecked. A crowd of men would shoulder two long poles on which was mounted a chair. The town's wittiest resident would perch himself on the seat and be carried through the streets while he shouted verses which ridiculed the offender.

Cages were very popular. Louis XI immured his counsellor, Cardinal Baluc, in an iron cage so designed that he could not stand up and kept him there for twelve years, taunting him regularly. The punishment of "La Cheba" in Venice consisted of hoisting an offender in a wooden cage to half the height of St. Mark and letting him dangle there.

When Francesco di San Polo, a notorious woman-hater, was put through this ordeal, one of the loveliest courtesans of the city was placed in the cage with him. He not only had to endure the rigors of the season and the mockeries of the crowd below, but also the company of a woman he detested, who kept the audience in continuous merriment by constantly making approaches to him.

Courtesans, adulteresses and women whose resistence was weak were frequently made the object of ridicule. At Beaucaire, France, it was the custom each year to make women of the street race naked in the hippodrome until they fell exhausted. Some cities forced them to parade through the square with whetstones hung around their necks.

Branding was frequent, but more enlightened communities allowed culprits to wear scarlet letters on their clothes instead of burning them into the skin. Adulteresses wore an A (as in the case of Hawthorne's Hester Prynne), thieves wore a T, fighters and brawlers an F, vagrants a V, murderers an M, blasphemers a B, drunks a D, idlers an S (for slave). Those who gave false witness had to wear on their sleeves tongues cut from red cloth.

Sometimes miscreants were either exhibited or made to walk around with a rope around their necks, the bight of which had to hang out "two feet at least."

Not even the clergy was spared from ridicule. In 1534 the vicar of a church in Hull, England, who had preached an offensive sermon, was ordered to walk around the church on Sunday and in the market on Market Day clad only in a shirt, barefooted and carrying a large faggot in his hand.

The famed Cardinal Wolsey, who had been found drunk at a village feast, was clapped into the stock to sober up, at the order of the local Justice of the Peace, who was long and widely known as a strict moralist.

Sometimes humor crept into the punishment. In New York, a thief who stole cabbages stood in the pillory with rotting cabbages on his head, and the pilloried heads of two dishonest bakers were crowned with dough. In London, a cheating fishmonger was ordered, by court decree, to wear a necklace of stinking smelts.

Even appellations became a form of retribution sometimes used. For stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, the judge in an early American court ordered Josias Plastoree to return eight baskets, pay a fine of five pounds and "hereafter to be called by the name of Josias and not Mister as formerly he used to be."

One of the most unusual punishments was given to a Russian author who wrote a book in favor of liberties for the people. He was made to stand on a scaffold and literally eat his words, leaf by leaf. It took him three days to consume the entire volume.

Ridicule was the order of the day and wasn't always confined to officialdom. In a banquet hall at Haddon, Derbyshire, England, a handcuff was fastened to one wall. If any banqueter became too drunk, or, on the other hand, if he refused to drink with his associates, his wrist was locked in the handcuff in an upright position and a drink was poured down his sleeve.

Churches had their ridicule rules, too. Bickering couples frequently were forced to stand at the church door during services, with their hands in their mouths.

Public flogging exposed malefactors not only to ridicule but to intense pain. England's whipping act of 1530 required all vagrants, regardless of sex, to be whipped naked "at the cart's tail," which meant being dragged through the town. In the 39th year of Elizabeth's reign the whippees were allowed to retain their nether clothing, but women were stripped to the waist and flogged until 1791.

In Germany and Switzerland women were placed in ingenious machines which prevented them from moving while being whipped. Only occasionally were they allowed to keep a single garment during the ordeal.

The whipping of women was a daily occasion in the Holland police courts. They were given the "lower discipline," as distinguished from the upper, which meant above the waist. The occasions were considered of sufficient interest that visitors came in groups and paid officials for the privilege of watching.

But Americans are protected, by law, from doing penance by ridicule.

With all these precedents fresh in their minds, it is little wonder that the Founding Fathers incorporated in the Bill of Rights, as the eighth amendment to the Constitution, a definite provision against the infliction of "cruel and unusual punishments."

The Favorite Form of Punishment by Ridicule in Colonial Days Was the Ducking Stool.

Treet is the meat for extra good baked beans

Its all-meat goodness adds a "plus" to dozens of easy meals

BUY THE BEST

BUY ARMOUR'S TREET

Recipe

A little Treet makes such a lot of hearty eating! It makes a new hit out of an old favorite in this Treet-Bean casserole. Ready much faster than the ordinary way and tastier, too!

Quick Baked Beans with Treet

4 slices (½ can) Treet
1 No. 2 can Armour's Star Pork and Beans
¼ cup brown sugar
2 tbsps. chopped onion
2 tbsps. chopped green pepper
¼ tsp. dry mustard
⅛ tsp. pepper
Salt if desired

Combine beans, sugar, onions, green pepper, mustard and pepper. Place in uncovered casserole. Bake in 375° F. oven for 40-45 minutes. Brown slices of Treet in margarine or butter for 1½ minutes to each side. Arrange on top of beans. 4 servings.

Discover how Treet is always ready to make appetizing meals in a jiffy—anytime! Be sure to try the new Treet and salad recipe given below.

Recipe

Treet with Spiced Apple Salad

1 can Armour's Treet
1¼ cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
½ tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. red fruit coloring
Salt
4 firm apples, pared and cored (¼ cup red cinnamon candies may be substituted for the cinnamon and coloring)

Combine sugar, water, cinnamon, salt and coloring. Bring to a boil. Add pared and cored apples. Simmer in syrup, turning and basting them often for even coloring. When tender (5-7 minutes) remove from syrup and chill in refrigerator. Mix ½ cup celery, ¼ cup chopped nuts and 2 tbsps. mayonnaise thinned with 2 tsps. milk. Fill the center of each apple. Top with spoonful of mayonnaise. Place spoonful of filling on top of mayonnaise. Arrange on chop plate with Treet cut in 8 generous slices. 4 servings.

You'll love Treet sliced hot or cold for sandwiches—fried or baked for breakfast, lunch or dinner. It's tender as butter and seasoned just right! Packed with extra flavor, too, because this pure pork shoulder meat is vacuum cooked in its own rich juices. Treet is high in important B vitamins everyone needs. Always keep an extra can or two of Treet on hand.

ARMOUR
and Company

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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Tune in "DATELINE" Every Monday Night over CBS. Thrilling Behind-the-Fronts Program. See Local Papers for Time.

Spiritual Dividends

The American Way is prolific in providing spiritual as well as material dividends.

The fruits of the system in furnishing more abundant physical standards of living for typical families than prevail elsewhere in the world are well known.

But our competitive economic society does more than provide us with more and better goods—important as that function is.

It also, throws off rich rewards of a spiritual nature.

It gives the housewife the invaluable privilege of selecting goods and services of her own choosing that meet her individual tastes, whims and desires.

Similarly, it enables producers to engage in congenial work of their own choosing.

This freedom of choice, which is the essence of Americanism, exalts the individual, recognizes that he is created in the image of God and gives spiritual tone to the American system. Recognition of the human personality as a sovereign being for whose happiness and welfare all human institutions, including government itself, are created tends to make us more considerate of each other, tends to break down class distinction and to build toward the brotherhood of man.

We have not done a perfect job of this in our country but, even so, we have done better than any other people in history. The important thing is to continue this progress.

In simple terms, the American Way is opposed to pushing around the individual citizen, no matter how humble.

No corporate or governmental dictator is permitted in law or in morals to substitute his judgment and taste for that of the individual citizen.

Instead of regimentation, the American system stands for the right of the individual to have his own personal tastes, desires and whims.

All American business, large and small, is governed by recognition of the basic principle that it can survive only through pleasing customers.

Thus, the American private enterprise system involves much more than the special privilege of business owners.

It is an instrument for enabling self-supporting citizens to earn a better living through making and exchanging goods and services in a manner that expresses their own inclinations, talents and desires.

President, Armour and Company

Third of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

JACKIE *the Indestructible*

Almost Everything Has Happened to Her in Her Eight Years of Life, But Nothing Can Get Her Down

INDOMITABLE is the word for Jackie. Science calls her the best living example of the axiom that the will to live is the most important ingredient in the recipe for survival. Misfortune has thrown the book at her repeatedly, but she's

Nineteen Operations Cured Jackie's Eyes, But Left Her a Pneumonia Victim.

come up smiling every time.

In the course of her eight years, she has survived so many operations, broken bones, diseases, bites and other afflictions that friends have dubbed her The Indestructible Girl.

Little Jacquelin Jenner got off to a poor start. She was one of twins born nearly three months prematurely by a Caesarean operation. The other died at birth.

Jackie lived in an incubator in a Chicago hospital for the first few months of her life, swathed in cotton and fed through a medicine dropper. Then it was discovered that her eyes were not developing normally because of her premature birth. Only operations could correct the condition, and it took 19 to complete the job.

As a result of one of the operations, she was stricken with pneumonia. Most babies her age and in her condition would have succumbed, but Jacquelin didn't. The operations continued and finally, after 22 months in the hospital, she was taken home for the first time.

Soon after that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jenner, moved from Chicago to Los Angeles. For the next two or three years, Jackie managed to avoid hospitals, but in the interim she had chicken pox, the measles three times, and once she was dangerously ill when measles was complicated by scarlet fever.

Finally she reached the kindergarten stage. The very first day at school she was bitten by a big spider. That started her on a round of visits to the Los Angeles Emergency Hospital that grew to six during the next two years.

Jacquelin's file is one of the most voluminous in the hospital's records, and it doesn't include her Chicago experience. The doctors and nurses have come to regard this smiling little girl as their happiest patient and one of the most regular.

A few weeks after the spider bite, Jackie celebrated her sixth birthday. In the midst of the festivities she fell on the concrete driveway, broke her nose and, of course, went back to the hospital.

On Jackie's First Day at School, She Was Bitten by a Big Spider.

Came Her Sixth Birthday, and Jackie Fell at the Party and Broke Her Nose.

Three months after the nose had healed, she took a spill on roller skates and broke an arm. That meant another trip to the hospital. When the arm was taken out of its cast, her mother said:

"No more skating, Jackie. And whatever you do, be careful of that weak arm."

So Jacquelin was very, very careful, and when she slipped on a wet spot on the sidewalk a few weeks later she put out her other arm to break the fall. She broke the fall, all right, and the arm, too.

Eventually the second broken arm mended and then Jackie was so cautious that she hardly ever ran or jumped. But one day she reached down to pat a strange dog and it bit her on her left leg, inflicting a nasty

When Jackie Patted a Strange Dog, It Sunk Its Teeth Into Her Leg.

Just Out of a Hospital, Jackie Went Roller-Skating and Broke an Arm.

gash. That accounted for another entry on her already long hospital chart.

"Well, Jackie, you can be thankful for one thing," the doctor said. "There isn't much more that could possibly happen to you."

But he was wrong. Soon Jacquelin was back with a smashed finger. She had caught it in a car door.

A year and a half ago Jackie went to bed again with another attack of pneumonia. She was seriously ill for a long time, but sulfa drugs soon brought her around.

Despite Operations, Broken Bones, Diseases, Bites and Other Afflictions, Jackie Jenner Always Comes Up Smiling.

And then, last June, came the worst blow of all. Jackie, who seemed to be enjoying better health than at any time in her life, suddenly came down with a prostrating illness. She was rushed back to the hospital for observation.

At first the doctors believed she had spinal meningitis, but tests soon showed that her new affliction was infantile paralysis.

"And it's not just ordinary infantile paralysis," the doctor told her parents. "This is bulbar poliomyelitis, probably the most dangerous form of all. The mortality rate is very high, because this type affects the respiratory organs and the brain. Those who survive seldom escape being bedridden for life."

The doctor prescribed the treatment introduced by Sister Elizabeth Kenny, the Australian nurse. For several days there were grave doubts that Jackie would live. Then her boundless courage once more prevailed and her condition began to show a gradual improvement.

In less than three weeks she had recovered so well from the acute stages of the disease that her parents were able to move her to the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital where she continued to receive treatment.

There Jacquelin is showing daily progress. Her vocal cords, which for a time were paralyzed, have been relaxed so that she can talk again. Recently she has been able to sit up in her bed, chat with other patients and friends, and play with her toys. All her affected muscles, which are still being treated with Kenny hot packs, seem to be returning to their normal use.

How long she will have to remain in the hospital this time is problematical, but Jackie, cheerful and smiling as usual, doesn't seem to care. After all, to a girl who has spent more than a third of her life in hospitals, a few months more or less don't matter much.

Private Life of the Siamese

Daisy and Violet Hilton, Joined Together Since Bir With No Hope of Ever Being Separated, Reveal Intimate and Never Before Told Story of Their Fig for Love and Happiness

Daisy and Violet Hilton Were Taught to Play Musical Instruments in Their Childhood, Part of Auntie's Plan to Make Them "The Smartest Siamese Twins Alive."

At Auntie's Funeral, the Twins Thought Their Trouble Was Over Until Sir Took Them Firmly by the Arm and Explained That She Had Left Them to Him—Along With Her Furniture and Jewelry.

By DAISY and VIOLET HILTON, as Told to Ethelda Bedford

CHAPTER II

"SIAMESE TWINS"... "cut apart"..."doctor" are the first words we seemed to remember. They stood for fear and created our longing to remain joined by our birth-bond of flesh and bone.

Our earliest memories center about a doctor pleading with Auntie to permit him to cut us apart. His voice was a cold, sharp blade through our hearts. To this day it symbolizes the aggregate of doctors' voices, begging to experiment with us.

We hoped then that our mother would come back to help us. Eventually we were told that she had signed away all rights to us and agreed that if she ever interfered with our care she would pay Auntie, the midwife to whom she gave us at the age of two weeks, ten shillings ($2.50) a week.

"Doctor, the girls belong to me," was Auntie's frequent remark. "I'm going to keep them the way they are!"

Hundreds of doctors have tried various persuasions throughout our 35 years. Even today medical men argue that we belong to science and should submit to the experiment of separation. (Recently, when a Siamese twin died, doctors separated him from his living brother—without success. The living boy died during the experiment.)

Auntie was too eager for profit to let us become the object of experiments. She set about making us "the smartest Siamese twins alive!"

At an early age, we were taught to recite, read and sing. We spoke plainly, perhaps because we got so much practice from talking to each other and because we were never permitted to be with other children. We copied the speech of grown-ups.

However, today we probably talk to each other less than ordinary twins living in the same house. We have been forced to do this because we would destroy each other's privacy.

As strongly as we have fought against being separated, we have determined to live harmoniously in our bond—and yet, be able to have our private lives. In order to do this, there are many rules we are forced to follow. Among them is not to seek advice from each other, not to advise, ever, and not to speak aloud our thoughts.

These rules were really our early habits. They began so soon we were unaware of their formation. Yet, it seems oddly pathetic to us that so many persons, when there are five or six in a family, fret against having to adjust to one another! You see, we have learned by experience that there is no adjustment in human relations that cannot be made—and made happily.

Our earliest lessons in getting along were taught to us in the tiny cabin of a ship, where Auntie, her daughter, Edith, and Auntie's husband crowded in with us. In the close quarters Auntie and Sir (Auntie's husband) quarreled frequently. He wanted us to be taken into the air. He thought we should go to religious services. She argued that people would not pay to look at us if they could see us for nothing!

Auntie won. We could have been unhappy, too, only we did not hold grudges. The grudges that Sir held against the dominating woman made him ill! We decided early that a grudge was the lowest form of emotion. Each of us has to endure slights.

OUR early thought development was remarkably adult. Our voices strong; I, Violet, liked low tones; I, Daisy, chose a higher pitch. We harmonized—in many ways which made living together more satisfactory. Mental as well as physical resistance by either of us would prove fatal—the other can retaliate with the same policy too easily.

We lived in dingy European boarding houses, traveling at night between exhibitions at bars, fairs, carnivals and circuses.

"Teach the girls the hard way, professor," Auntie told the Berlin music teacher. "They're strong and tough, old for their years. Teach Violet to play the piano; Daisy, violin."

We liked the vibration of the violin as it traveled over our connecting bridge. The piano was too detached. However, I, Violet, studied hard to accompany Daisy's violin.

When I, Violet, awoke with measles one morning Daisy sensed my discomfort, but for 10 days she did not catch the disease. We consider this another proof that our blood streams probably are different. (Perhaps we are joined, as the doctors say, just as Eng and Chang and Rose and Josepha Blazek and other known Siamese twins. Doctors claim they could cut and tie up the blood vessels and outside nerves and saw the bone of the bridge which joins us. The separation of the spinal cord, which is one, would mean the great experiment, as the fluid which bathes the

The Original Siamese Twins Gave This Name to Others Who Were Joined Inseparably by a Bridge of Flesh and Bone.

Twins

rth, the ght

cord might escape during the operation. This would mean death.)

It was ten days later that I, Daisy, contracted the disease. (I, Violet, had whooping cough a year and a half before my sister, who was stricken with appendicitis and I felt no twinge of pain. I had pleurisy when Daisy suffered pneumonia.) We have never caught a disease from each other.

Daisy came down with measles after Auntie put us in a home with other children who had measles and mumps. We rallied nicely in the novel experience of being with other children.

"Some day I'm going to have yellow hair just like this doll's," I, Daisy, cried. Now I am proud of my bleached curls, which I dress myself. Violet prefers her natural black tresses.

We did not know how to play with children. I, Violet, was fascinated by the mechanical toys. I climbed and swung on bureau knobs. I, Daisy, amused the children by making faces at myself in the mirror. I never liked to climb. Violet never seemed to like dolls.

EVEN during illness we have never been bored by the presence of each other.

When Auntie discovered that we could stand in a chair, rock until it turned over and flip in the air without falling, she added dancing lessons to our long days of study.

We had new dancing partners and Violet's was a youngster who'd taught us the Black Bottom. Today the world knows him as Bob Hope.

It was amazing how much training was crammed into our early lives. In preparation for our debut in Berlin, our first appearance in a theatre, we had endurance tests. I, Violet, played "The Princess Waltz" two and a half hours without a mistake. I, Daisy, played my violin and directed an orchestra of 14.

The theatre thundered with applause our opening night and as we came off the stage Auntie and Edith rushed us into the dressing room in the midst of the cheering. They refused to open the door to the knocks from backstage folks.

"Won't you let the girls come out to a little supper with us?" Vivian Duncan asked one night. Vivian succeeded in coming to our room for a few minutes, and Sophie Tucker and Harry Houdini were among the few who seemed to sense our need for friends.

"Read all the newspapers you can," Harry Houdini whispered to me, Daisy, one night as he passed me in the wings—as if he knew that we had never been permitted to have a newspaper. After that we hoarded every news sheet we could. We read the sensational trials and began to look forward to the day when we'd become 18 and could get legal aid to straighten out our affairs.

Acme

Under Auntie's Tyrannical Guardianship, the Hiltons Could Pose for Pictures Like This, But Weren't Permitted to Go Near Water.

Our lives were spent in study and practice. Years went by, somehow. Then we were in the United States, in San Antonio, Tex., making our debut in the Temple Theatre.

We had become strangely wise and filled with unvoiced thoughts. I, Violet, had a quarter hidden in my shoe. A stagehand had slipped it to me in St. Louis. I, Daisy, had 50 cents. And for seven years these were our only pieces of money—yet we were making thousands.

We were not allowed to have friends, but Edith, Auntie's daughter, received her beau in our crowded room while we were appearing with a circus in Australia. He was the balloon man, and sold candy, too, on the grounds. We thought that even when he begged Auntie to let him marry Edith his eyes were cruel.

"We need a man to travel with us—will you give up your balloon concession?" Auntie, who was nearing 60 and had lost her fifth husband, asked.

Edith and this new Sir (as we called him) were married, and when Auntie developed an infected leg Sir helped with our bookings and travel. He told us how a brute had raised him in Perth and whipped him when he did not obey. We took this to mean that he approved of Auntie's thrashing us with her belt buckle.

IN Birmingham, Ala., Auntie died, and as we looked at her, our first corpse, and you might say, our first friend, the cunning and shrewdness seemed out of her face. I, Daisy, did not care that she was dead.

"Why cry?" I asked Violet. "We have hated her forever!"

"I'm afraid without her," I, Violet, answered. "'Now Sir will boss us."

"Let's run away!" we whispered.

We had gone to the funeral parlor with the quarter and half-dollar in our shoes.

"We'll never have a chance like this again!" Violet urged.

Edith was crying beside her mother's casket.

"Let's run!" I, Daisy, said. Naturally, Violet came with me. But I had gone only a few steps when Violet lagged. I felt sudden alarm tremble through her.

Sir clutched my hand and we stopped.

"Don't touch me," I, Violet, cried. He clamped his fingers around our arms, and without a word, he led us back to our seats.

The funeral services were over and after a while we were back in our room, with Edith and Sir. The tension was electric as we sat waiting for them to speak.

I, Violet, cried. I, Daisy, laughed in their sullen, suspicious faces.

Our emotional reactions are not usually the same. Perhaps laughter and tears both serve to release tension. I, Daisy, felt equal to any ordeal. I, Violet, felt that I could not compete with the possessiveness I read in the faces opposite us.

"Tell them, Sir!" Edith said after what seemed hours.

"You girls belong to us now! You'll do just as we say. See here—Auntie left you to us—you and her jewelry and furniture are ours! Do you understand?" He waved a paper in our faces.

Willed as an old ring or chair! It couldn't be! While I, Daisy, protested, I, Violet, kept crying. It couldn't be...yet, it was. We had to work as hard—and the only privacy we were to have was in our minds. Our new owners slept in the same room with us. We were never out of their sight!

In next week's instalment, Daisy and Violet Hilton, the attractive Siamese twins, will tell how romance first came into their lives and of their fight to gain some benefits from the adulthood they had reached.

When Scientists Solve the Transmission of Heat and Power by Radio, Housewives Can Cook in the Kitchen, Homes Will Be Heated and Cooled, the Sick Treated, and All Forms of Transportation Will Operate From Radio Waves.

Heat and Power Tomorrow from Radio Waves

Medicine Already Uses Radio Heating to Conquer Some of Man's Worst Ills by Creating Artificial Fevers That Destroy the Germs Which Attack the Body.

OUT of the many new and secret wartime uses for the basic principle of radio may come at last a practical peacetime method of utilizing radio waves for heating and lighting our houses and even supplying electrical energy for factories, buses, automobiles, tractors, airplanes and ocean-going ships.

Radio heating and power transmission have already been accomplished at small scale distances, but the big advance will come when engineers learn how to beam radio waves as they would a searchlight and concentrate the outpouring of radio energy into any given location.

The trouble with ordinary radio now is that its waves spread out in all directions just as a stone cast into a pond generates water waves that flow out in great circles.

With beamed radio, however, it might be possible to create continental radio lanes high in the sky along which the planes of the future could fly, picking up their power as they go.

Giant radio transmitters arranged in two great lanes would send aloft cones of radio energy that would cross invisibly like the beams of some great searchlights. Where these beams intersected would be a region of doubled electric energy, twice as great as either beam provided. While neither supplied enough energy to feed power to the electrical plane, the two beams together—or it might be three or more—might do the trick.

Applications of this beamed radio might also make it possible to transmit power down some of our great highways, so that automobiles and buses, each with its antenna, could run by electricity plucked from the air instead of from gasoline.

This would be one way to make up for the future shortage of gasoline that will come when our known supplies of petroleum are exhausted.

Entire communities might even invest in public radio utilities which would supply power and heat to the homes of the town just as today's radio supplies them with programs. This energy, taken from space, could be metered at the antenna so that everyone would receive a bill for the amount of power used in the home.

Dr. Ilia E. Mouromsteff, Westinghouse engineer, predicts that after the war ultra shortwave radio will perform many peacetime wonders.

In a report to the Journal of Applied Physics, Dr. Mouromsteff notes that the applications of beamed radio are already producing devices like radar, and that in the postwar world beamed radio energy will do equally astounding things. Dr. Mouromsteff says the chief problem now is the "narrow-casting" of the waves.

Keystone View Co. Photos

Death Chamber Where Radio Rays Kill Pest-Infested Wheat (Left) in Test Experiments.

John W. Robertson, reporting to Industrial and Engineering Chemistry, calls attention to the little known band of radio frequencies that have wavelengths from one centimeter down to 1/10,000th centimeter.

This band of radio waves is practically a no man's land of scientific research. Mr. Robertson says:

"This practically unknown region may hold the secrets of directed beam propagation of energy. We do know that the shortest waves described before war censorship were characterized by their ability to be directed toward any desired point with much more efficiency and in a more concentrated beam than any longer-wave radio transmission.

"In this region is the transition from radiations known as 'radio' to those with more of the character of what we have termed 'light' waves.

"It is interesting to speculate on what activity these little known radiations may bring forth. Will it be the 'Buck Rogers' disintegrator rays or a real 'death ray'? Will it be a means of stopping tank and aircraft motors, or will it be a method of transmitting large amounts of power between stations without transmission lines, as envisioned by the late Nikola Tesla, who died recently almost on the threshold of seeing that vision come true?

Indeed, when radio power does arrive it will be Nikola Tesla who was its prophet. This eccentric genius lived for many years in a New York City hotel, and before his death at the age of 85 often predicted that some day man would really take power, in useful quantities, from the air.

Radio heating has already found many short-range applications in industry and in medicine. Diathermy machines that create artifical fevers to kill disease germs in the body, or warm muscles of strained legs, arms or backs from the inside out, are really shortwave radio transmitters broadcasting between two neighboring metal plates.

In fact, this humanitarian role of radio was discovered by engineers who found they were getting headaches and fevers from being too near their high-powered transmitters. After shielding the scientists from this unwanted effect the experts turned the thing around and came up with the useful medical application.

The ability to heat objects from the inside out finds numerous applications in industry, too. Owners of grain elevators are experimenting with radio waves to kill worms that sometimes infest wheat. Shooting the waves down inside the grain in the elevators kills the bugs, but leaves the wheat unharmed.

Just a short list of radio heat applications would include: Gluing plywood; peeling potatoes; surgery; drying paper, ceramics, textiles and tobacco; curing rubber; pasteurizing milk and beer; cooking and seasoning lumber.

The list could go on indefinitely, but that only skims the surface. The big step will come when radio "utility" companies blanket the land with radio heat and power.

The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

Finish Fight *by Fisher*

IT'S a hard-hitting brute—this dual-purpose 5-inch gun. It's the kind of fighting tool needed to smother enemy fire power, to give our men a life-saving advantage when the going gets tough.

We cannot take credit for *all* of it. This big 5-incher was designed by the U. S. Navy, and its production is a tribute to the cooperation of thousands of workers and several companies.

But as we see it come down the Fisher assembly lines, we get a thrill of pride out of the work we have done on it. It's proof that Fisher craftsmanship has once more been pointed right, has once more registered a hit on the production target.

Whether it's bombers, fighting planes, anti-aircraft guns, tanks, delicate flight instruments or other armament to be built—Fisher craftsmen are on the job till they get it ironed out. That goes for some very rugged problems put up to us by the men who do the shooting. And in this fight to the finish, we intend to stay right in the middle of such things until the final bell rings.

. . .

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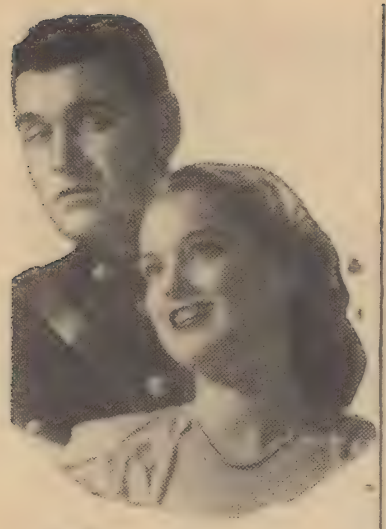


Are you careful about

SCALP ODOR?

Some women never think of the possibility of scalp odor. They do not realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that oily hair absorbs unpleasant odors. To be sure, make this test: check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow.

There's an easy way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up." Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo, which contains pure, medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You never need worry about a "nasal close-up"!

Marriage by Mail

Nineteen States Now Say It's O. K. for Girls to Get Married by Mail.

IF A lonely American soldier overseas gets a yen to marry the girl he left behind he can do it now by mail. And with Uncle Sam's blessing.

To get his female-by-V-mail the GI signs a document saying he wants to make her his wife and drops it in the nearest letter box.

Her signature, and the proper registration of the paper with local officials, makes the couple legally wed.

There is only one catch to getting a bride by mail order. The state in which you live must recognize the validity of the marriage. Some do. Some don't.

But if it is legally okay with the state, it is all right with the Army and the wife may collect the allowance of her soldier husband.

It was a romance between Josephine Serraino of Upper Darby, Pa., and Captain Joseph Vaccaro of Philadelphia that led Uncle Sam to hand down a ruling on marriages by mail.

Joe was with the Army Air Forces overseas. He wanted to marry Josephine. Signing a document saying so, he mailed it to her. Then she signed it, too.

That was all right until Joe went to make her allotment. The Army asked "Is it legal?" So the whole business was sent to the Comptroller General for a ruling.

The paper which the couple had signed stated that "whereas, it is impossible for them at this time to procure a marriage license and be married by a civil or religious ceremony," they "do hereby mutually covenant, promise and agree that they are now and henceforth will be husband and wife."

Assistant Comptroller General Frank L. Yates, after citing many legal opinions on the subject dating back to World War I, announced that the marriage was valid. So it was entered on the record.

His approval was based on the fact that Pennsylvania is one of 19 states that recognize marriage by mail. In the other 29, absentee marriages have no legal status whatsoever.

Hired His Own Taxi

CHARLIE LEGG, a cab-driver in Bath, England, was brought before a magistrate in his home town the other day and charged with using his taxi illegally.

The cabbie, it seems, had been caught carrying furniture in the vehicle to his new home. The police said that under wartime regulations he was picked up.

The cabbie, so it was charged, had been issued gasoline coupons to run a taxi and using the car for his household chores violated the law.

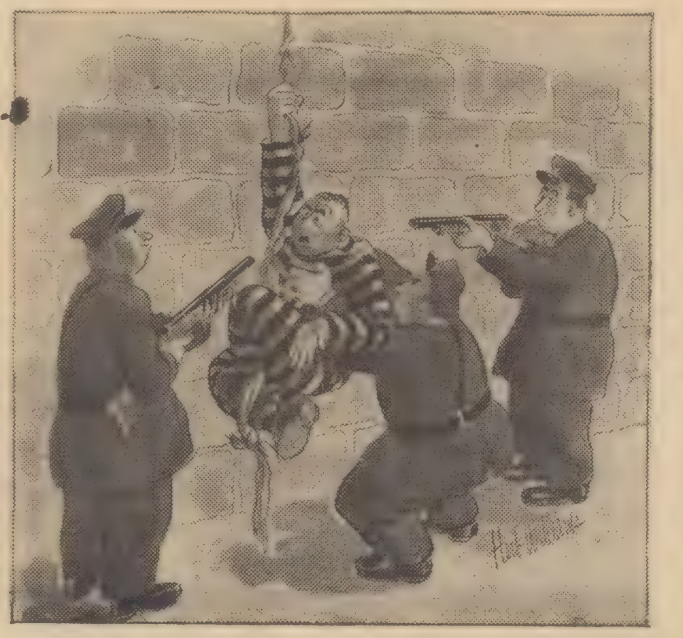
"Well," said the judge, "what do you have to say for yourself?"

"Your Honor," began the cabbie, "if someone had hired me to carry their furniture, would that be considered a violation of the law?"

"No," replied the magistrate. "Of course not."

"Well, then," continued the taxi-owner, "is there anything to prevent me from hiring my own cab?"

"This case," said the judge with a grin, "is dismissed."



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A cold had you behind the 8 ball!

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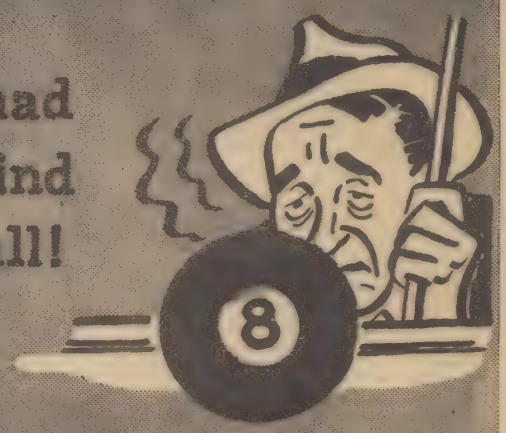

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(And they felt soothing)

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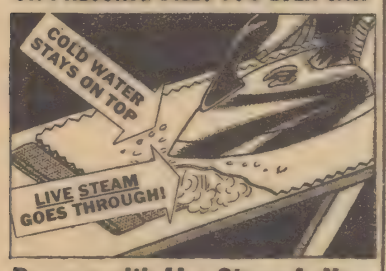

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● Ladies, look! Amazing new way to *press with live steam*, just as expert tailors and cleaners do. Right in your own home, with any kind of iron. Think of it!—Actually gives long-lasting, professional, *live steam press* to all fabrics—chiffon, velvet, silks, satins, crepes, rayons, worsteds, woolens. Absolutely harmless to goods. Saves its cost over and over in pressing bills. And wonderfully easy to use!

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Called Pres-Kloth, this amazing new way overcomes objectionable features of ordinary methods. Easier to handle; chemical treatment keeps iron polished, eliminates sticking, puckering. Protects garments from wetting; only *live steam* goes through to goods. Imparts lustrous finish; deodorizing action too. Over 3 million already sold; proof of sensational success.

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Pres-Kloth puts a lasting press in all garments; removes most stubborn wrinkles. Exclusive, patented chemical treatment sealed in; thus, lasts for years.

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Four-Legged Nazi

AN Allied airdrome in France received orders the other day from British headquarters in England to have a plane standing by, ready to fly an "important" German prisoner of war back to Britain.

The prisoner, so the dispatch said, was being brought to the airport from the front lines.

"Maybe it's a general," speculated one of the mechanics as he checked over the waiting plane.

"Well, whoever he is," said another, "he must be a big shot, or they would not take all this trouble to get him back home."

The Canine Prisoner Was Willing to "Talk."

These men, along with a lot of officers at the airport, nearly keeled over when the "prisoner" arrived and turned out to be a captured war dog.

"I wonder who's kidding who?" said the pilot as he carefully winged his canine passenger across the Channel to England.

But nobody was fooling anyone. The prisoner was mighty important. Officers in charge of the British War Dog School wanted to question the animal. By so doing, they were certain they could learn what kind of training the Nazis were giving their four-footed fighters—and thereby collect some important military information.

The dog, who answered to the name of Fritz, was the first canine prisoner to be taken alive. This explained the urgency of getting him back to England where German-speaking handlers could analyze his training.

By barking orders in German the British experts were able to find out what commands the Nazis used and exactly how the animals behaved at the front. Once they got this information, they were able to send special orders to British and American patrols for dealing with the furry enemy.

War dogs are important helps to the patrols that have to penetrate enemy lines. These canine soldiers do everything from acting as sentries to helping in attacks on other patrols.

If the American or British soldier knows the German word to shout in order to silence a Nazi war dog, or stop him from attacking, he has an important advantage over his enemy.

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BUY WAR BONDS AND HOLD THEM

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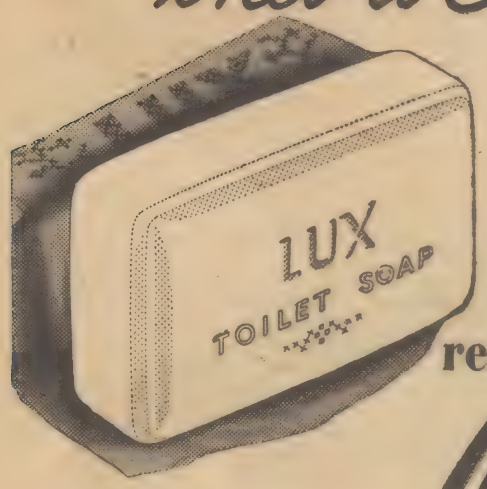
Smooth...

she's a Lux Girl!



"My Beauty Facials really make skin lovelier"

IDA LUPINO

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time! "Here's my daily Active-Lather Facial," says Ida Lupino. "I cover my face generously with the rich Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold—then pat to dry." See what this gentle care can do for *your* skin!

★ ★ FIGHT WASTE ★ ★

Use your Lux Toilet Soap wisely, for soap contains material vital to the war effort. Never waste it.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Before the War Most of Our Tulip Bulbs Came From Holland and England. Now, the Riotous Colors of Many Varieties Carpet This Oregon Valley in Rows Half a Mile Long.

Bringing Back the Blitzed Bulb Industry

Besides the Several Thousand Standard European Varieties, American Growers Have Produced, in the Three to Seven Years It Takes to Grow a Tulip From Seed, a Host of Hybrids of Their Own (Right), as Well as the Double Flowers (Left) Which Bloom in Almost Every Hue of the Rainbow.

AS WITH so many other foreign matters, it looks as if it were up to the United States to rescue the once-thriving tulip industries of Europe. Soon after war began, England's tulip land was given over to growing food. When the Germans occupied Holland, tulip bulbs became food—first, as fodder, and later, when the Dutch discovered they were fattening their cattle exclusively for the Nazis, as flour for themselves. Not long ago, that would have meant ruin also for the American industry, which preferred to import rather than grow bulbs—but for some time bulb cultivation has thrived in Michigan, where many Dutch have settled; in Virginia, the Pacific Northwest and on Long Island, N. Y., American growers have improved on the European varieties and developed new ones. Undoubtedly it will be American bulbs, which, after the war, will bring the Old World tulip fields back.

Tragic Magic Broke Up the Nature Cult

The Mystical Dr. Janet S. Morgan Believed Strange Powers Emanated From a Chinese Carpet, a Belief Which Cost Her Her Life After a Quarrel With the Financial Backer of the Cult.

LONDON.

INTO a magic carpet tragedy was woven a few days ago at Adlington, Cheshire, where the wealthy lingered (at the English equivalent of $48 to $60 a week) for treatment of their ills by diets of vegetables, theosophy and spiritualism.

Nobody knows quite how, for those who could tell are dead. But an inquest jury decided that William Percy Ashworth, 62, financial backer of the venture, murdered Dr. Janet S. Morgan, 52, the medical superintendent, and shot and killed himself.

The two had quarreled over administration of the retreat, which was dedicated to the principle that all things might be cured by naturopathy —that is, by lying in the sun in loose garments, living on raw carrots, lettuce, nuts and uncooked fruits, and avoiding tobacco and intoxicants.

Dr. Morgan, a practicing physician with a private clientele at Manchester, believed in naturopathy. But, it developed at the inquest which followed the double shooting, she supplemented the theories by reading tea cups, gazing into crystal balls, spreading the doctrine of reincarnation and conducting bizarre seances on a Chinese carpet.

Mr. Ashworth had invested almost $50,000 in the establishment, a landscaped estate known as Starkie House. He objected thoroughly to Dr. Morgan's innovations, particularly those concerning the magic carpet, and said so.

The carpet was an Oriental rug which Dr. Morgan bought at Manchester for more than $800. It was of exotic design, in the traditional Chinese manner, with a peacock and a dragon enclosed in a circle in the center. Dr. Morgan believed it possessed mystical power.

As described by pretty auburn-haired Cynthia Renee Ryder-Harrop, 21, assistant at the clinic, Dr. Morgan urged the patients to sit within the circle because "the peacock drew out the vanity from them and the dragon drew out the evil."

Shortly before the shooting, a police officer visited Starkie House on a routine inspection. He was ushered into the Chinese Room, laid with the magic carpet, and invited to sit in the circle.

"All worries vanish when you stand in the center," Dr. Morgan told him.

Dr. Morgan did everything she could to make her charges believe she was endowed with supernatural understanding. She told them she could read their thoughts and their dreams.

Miss Ryder-Harrop, testifying at the inquest, explained how Dr. Morgan impressed her "psychic" powers upon her patients. It was trickery.

"I have known her to go downstairs," she said, "and listen to what the patients were saying in the lounge upstairs. From downstairs you can hear quite a lot. I have also known her to listen to phone conversations."

To gain further information for her pose as a mind-reader, thereby making the revelations of the tea leaves and the crystal ball convincing, Dr. Morgan sent Miss Ryder-Harrop to spy on the patrons. She followed them, the girl assistant said, and eavesdropped on their conversations, reporting back to Dr. Morgan.

Meanwhile, according to witnesses, Dr. Morgan developed a violent temper. Sometimes she stormed into rooms of staff members.

"Once she slapped me in the face with half a pound of margarine," Miss Ryder-Harrop told the jury.

In protest, some of the personnel quit, others complained to Mrs. Ashworth. Mr. Ashworth thereupon remonstrated with Dr. Morgan. He made it clear that she would have to treat the staff with more consideration and discontinue the unorthodox interludes on the magic carpet.

Dr. Morgan refused to cooperate and a few weeks later she was removed from the board of directors by the shareholders.

The chastisement didn't work. The unpleasantness continued and Mr. Ashworth went to Starkie House for another session with Dr. Morgan. She left but returned the same night by climbing through a window. Mrs. Ashworth was present at the time and told the jury about it this way:

"She said, 'This is a 100 per cent flop, Percy.' And then she tried to hit my husband with a poker. It was wrested away from her and she went after him with a shovel. Some of the attendants grabbed that, too, and she struck out at me."

The situation preyed on Mr. Ashworth's mind, his widow testified, so much so that he once told her: "If I have to stand any more of this it will kill me."

Soon after the incident of the poker and the shovel, Mr. Ashworth left his home to go to Starkie House.

The next day Miss Ryder-Harrop found both Dr. Morgan and Mr. Ashworth dead in a storeroom on the estate. She had a bullet wound in her neck. He was shot in the mouth.

The jury reached the verdict of murder and suicide, adding that the murder was committed "under great provocation" and that Mr. Ashworth ended his life "while the balance of his mind was disturbed." And all because of a tragic magic carpet.

Starkie House, Scene of the Double Tragedy, Was a $50,000 Investment in a Picturesque Setting.

Dr. Morgan Was Found Dead With a Bullet in the Back of the Neck.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients —safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES

How to Take "Fight" Out of CORNS

INSTANT RELIEF

This Surer Way

IT'S TRUE! ***Instantly*** **Blue-Jay Corn Plasters give relief from pressure-pain.** Soft, non-skid pad gives surer protection against tormenting shoe-friction than less efficient ways.

THEN—while you walk, gentle medication acts to take "fight" out of corn. *Loosens* it. You simply lift it out. Get Blue-Jay Medicated Corn Plasters today. A favorite for 40 years. At any drug or toilet goods counter.

BLUE-JAY *Corn Plasters*

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company • Chicago 16

ICE CREAM

AS LOW AS

11¢ a pint

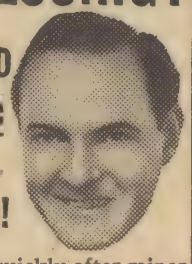
Sure to be pure—YOU make it! In 2 minutes, mix LONDONDERRY, sugar and evaporated milk, or any cream that will whip. Whip, freeze, that's all. No cooking, no re-whipping. Smooth, no ice crystals. (Use milk or skim milk for delicious frozen desserts.) 15¢ pkg. LONDONDERRY makes 4 pints, any flavor. Ask your grocer for LONDONDERRY. If he does not carry it, send us $1.00 for 7 packages and 20 famous recipes, postpaid.

LONDONDERRY

835 Howard Street, San Francisco 3, Calif.

CONVALESCING?

Take This A & D Vitamin-Tonic To Help Build You Up!

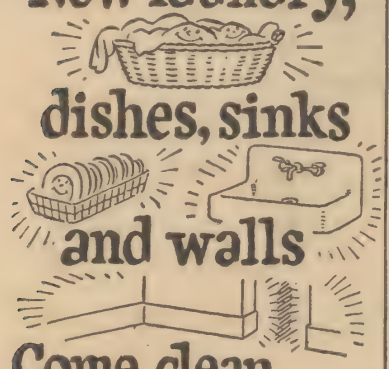


To recover more quickly after minor illness or a cold, try the way many *doctors* recommend! Simply take good-tasting Scott's Emulsion daily! If there is a deficiency of the *natural* Vitamins A & D in the diet, Scott's will help you build stamina, energy and resistance to help speed convalescence. Try it and see! Buy economical Scott's Emulsion. At all druggists!

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION

Great Year-Round Tonic

Now laundry, dishes, sinks and walls



Come clean without a rub, With SOILAX cleaner on the job you never have to *SCRUB!*

Get SOILAX at Hardware, Paint, Variety and Department Stores

Economics Laboratory, Inc., St. Paul, Minn.

FLASH!

TO SEPTIC TANK OWNERS

SANI-FLUSH—which cleans toilet bowls the quick, easy, sanitary way — *is absolutely safe in septic tanks!* Stop scrubbing. Use Sani-Flush twice a week to remove stains and recurring film that harbors toilet germs. It works chemically—even cleans the hidden trap.

Write for scientific report telling why Sani-Flush, used as directed on can, does not harm septic tanks or their action. It's free! Address Dept. R-2, The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

SAFE FOR SEPTIC TANKS

NEVER SCRATCH ITCHING SKIN

Do This for Quick Relief

Would you like to see that fiery redness subside quickly and the scaly skin become soft and smooth? Get a 25c or 60c jar of Sayman Salve and apply this medicated ointment to the affected areas. Let it help ease tormenting itch and soreness. All druggists have Sayman Salve.

SAYMAN SALVE

Jack o' Jobs

IN the town of Warsaw, Mo., Earl Bradshaw is referred to as the one-man answer to the man-power problem. Right now Earl is running for county assessor and, if elected, this will be his thirteenth job.

Mr. Bradshaw does everything from delivering mail to selling real estate.

Eight years ago Earl quit farming to settle in town. He got a job as a rural mail carrier, covering 34 miles each day. Finding a little extra time on his hands, he became custodian of the community building.

Then someone was needed

The Busy Candidate Already Has a Dozen Different Jobs.

to take tickets and keep score at the local ball park. Earl was the logical choice. Two stores hired him to make deliveries. Then the local post office wanted to know if, in addition to his rural route, he wouldn't be the special delivery messenger for the town.

"Sure," said Earl.

The Baptist Church needed a janitor. Earl took it on, sandwiching it in between another janitorial job at a restaurant.

One of his chores calls for periodic trips out to the Lake of the Ozarks to read the water-stage meters.

In between, he finds time to run around doing odd carpentry work, and finding buyers for houses.

Earl admits he's got a hankering to get that county assessor's berth.

"But if I don't," he says, philosophically, "I've got enough to keep me busy."

Relieving Thirst Without Liquid

TORPEDOED seamen, and airmen shot down at sea, who have made the discovery that they can quench their thirst by soaking their bodies in water, haven't hit on anything new. Benjamin Franklin made that observation nearly 200 years ago.

At the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, there is a carefully preserved letter that the famous statesman wrote in 1761 to a Miss Mary Stevenson, in which he said:

"I have often observed myself that however thirsty I may have been before going into the water to swim, I am never thirsty so long as I am in the water. These imbibing pores are very fine, however, perhaps fine enough in filtering to separate salt from water.

"I imagine that if people at sea, distressed by thirst when their fresh water is unfortunately spent, would make bathing tubs of their empty water casks and, filling them with sea water, sit in them an hour or two each day, they might be greatly relieved."

Your aids to loveliness

Park & Tilford

COLOR-KEYED FACE POWDER

Only Park & Tilford offers "Color-Keyed" face powders. At all toilet-counters see the Park & Tilford *Shade Selector.* It gives your correct, romantic shades for day and evening. Millions find in them *new, longer-lasting* beauty!

$1.00 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ Trial Size

LONGER WEARING Beauty for Your Floors

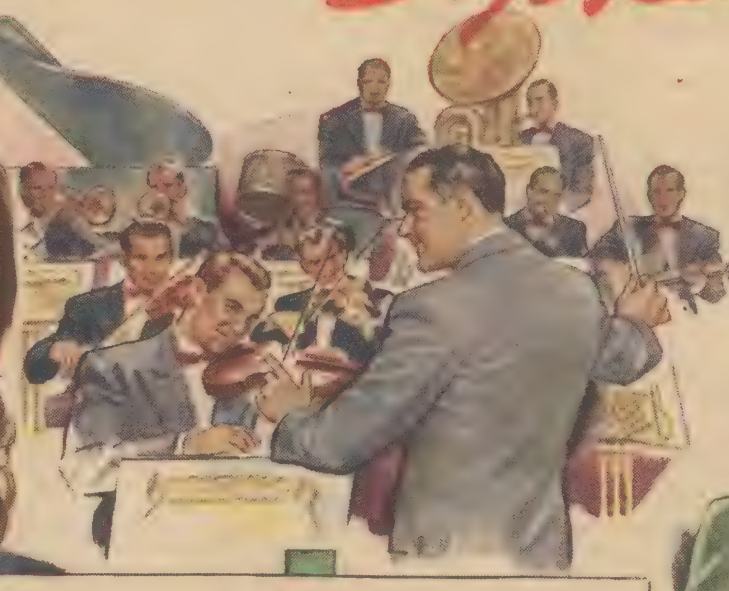
Get Self Polishing Simoniz for your floors. Then they'll stay bright longer . . . and with less care. Self Polishing Simoniz gives your floors the same lasting beauty which has made Simoniz so famous for automobiles. Yes, and easily, too! Just spread Self Polishing Simoniz on your floors and it dries to a shine without rubbing. So make it easy for yourself. Insist on Self Polishing Simoniz for your floors.

Sold by grocery, hardware, paint, drug, auto accessory and department stores.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY CHICAGO U.S.A.

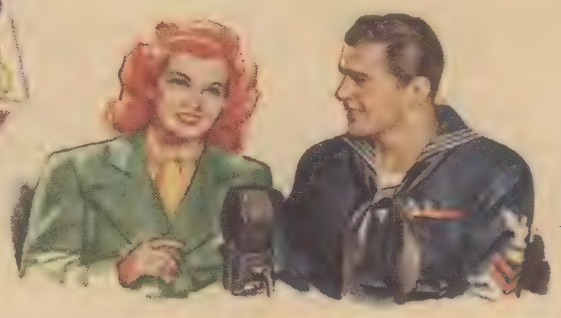
"Now, Sunday's our day!"

Says Kate Smith



"Yes, folks, we're moving our show to a 'Sunday Spot'! And we're going to do *everything* we can to bring you the cheer and lift we all need

"I'm mighty proud of our bigger orchestra—smoother, mellower than ever!



"And such interesting people have promised to be our guests! Folks who've done things... folks you've heard about—lots of 'em in uniform. You'll thrill to their stories of adventure!

"And isn't it nice to know that your boy will be listening to the same songs you hear ... laughing at the same jokes—just as if he were home with you. Even if he's overseas he can hear The Kate Smith Hour—over American Expeditionary Radios."

NEW Kate Smith Hour

BEGINNING

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

It's better than ever—don't miss it!

Every Sunday—entire Columbia network

7 PM EWT · 6 PM CWT · 5 PM MWT · 4 PM PWT

"We'll have even funnier funnymen ... even better plays—featuring some of your best-loved stars.

"Yes, this year 'the Hour' will be the best ever, I think.

"More food-saving recipes for you, too!" says Kate Smith

Products of General Foods

"Here's how that Sunday chicken can do for an *extra* meal!"

VEGETABLE CHICKEN MOLD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint hot water and
2 chicken bouillon cubes
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
2 teaspoons minced onion
¾ cup ½-inch raw carrot sticks
¾ cup thinly sliced celery
2 tablespoons diced pimiento
½ cup chopped left-over cooked chicken, ham, etc.

Dissolve Jell-O in hot liquid. Add vinegar, salt, pepper, and onion. Chill. When slightly thickened, add remaining ingredients. Turn into 1-quart ring mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with escarole and radish roses, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

Vegetable Mold. Omit bouillon cubes and chopped meat. Increase salt to 1 teaspoon.

"I'd love to send you the new recipe book 'Bright Spots for Wartime Meals.' It's brimful of wonderful, ration-wise ways to use Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings. For your copy send 6¢ in stamps to General Foods, Dept. A.W. 9-44, Battle Creek, Mich. This offer, good only in U.S.A., will expire Dec. 31, 1944.

"Satisfy your family's sweet tooth—but save your precious sugar."

JELL-O PUDDING VARIATIONS

Prepare any flavor Jell-O Pudding as directed on package. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish Vanilla Pudding with slice of lemon and mint leaves, Butterscotch Pudding with a maraschino cherry, and Chocolate Pudding with a walnut half.

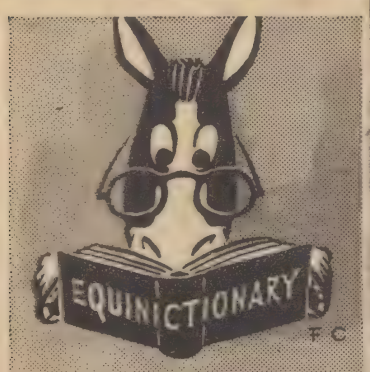
Try these other attractive ways

Dress up Jell-O Puddings with bits of fruit, nuts, or delicious, colorful sauces... Garnish Butterscotch Pudding with banana slices... Sprinkle Chocolate Pudding with chopped nut meats... Garnish Vanilla Pudding with spoonful of bright-colored jelly or serve with red cherry sauce... Fold raisins into Butterscotch Pudding and garnish with walnut halves... Sprinkle Vanilla Pudding with grated chocolate or fold in chocolate chips.

HANDKERCHIEF TEST

PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS AND FREE FROM "GOO"—*no matter how often you smoke it!*

HESSON GUARD
MILANO



IT'S PLAIN
horse sense

Those unsightly flecks are a business and social handicap. Banish loose dandruff completely...relieve unpleasant scalp itching and keep your hair lustrous and easy to groom by massaging daily with

JERIS
for Loose Dandruff
at all drug stores and barber shops

Over Seas or *on the Home Front*

The short cut to relief from itching, smarting irritation of Chafes, Parched Lips, Tender Feet, Simple Rash, Minor Insect Bites is soothing, medicated Resinol. A joy to those in the service.

For sample Resinol Ointment and Soap with a Hollywood Stop-Run Mender, send 10c to Resinol, X-93, Balto. 1, Md.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Every Woman SHOULD KNOW

about
MERCOLIZED
WAX CREAM

Because it is MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM that can help you to a more romantic skin. A skin that's truly romantic looks youthful, fresh, translucent, feels soft and is colored, of course, like peaches and cream. Now MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM can help you on these points of loveliness. It peels invisibly the drab, discolored, outer skin, revealing your protected skin beneath, a skin that's softer, whiter, fresher, *younger to look at*, more silky to touch. Your skin will seem more translucent, giving it what artists call "depth." Your coloring lovelier. So if you are not happy about your skin, start with MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM today. Just follow directions. At all cosmetic counters.

Give your face a treat with TARK-ROOT BEAUTY MASQUE. It's a real facial you can enjoy at home.

The real judges of Tampax are its users

And this form of sanitary protection now has millions of them!

Do you think that a woman who has never used Tampax can give a conclusive opinion as to all of its advantages? No, of course not! So when you want to decide, be sure to ask some women *who have used it.* Get from them the great "difference"—the freedom from belts, pins and external pads, as well as the resulting bulges, edges and ridges under the clothing. Also the absence of odor, the quick changing in restrooms, the easy disposal. You should long remember the day you discovered Tampax... Perfected by a physician to be worn *internally*, Tampax is made of pure absorbent cotton compressed in throw-away applicator—neat, efficient, modern. 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior—at drug and notion counters. Join the Tampax millions now! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

THE *Aristocrat* OF *Shoe Polishes*

BY WHITTEMORE

Dry Cleaning Don'ts

THE wartime shortage of dry cleaning and laundering services has caused many a housekeeper to try to do her own dry cleaning at home. Safety and health advisors of the U. S. Department of Agriculture warn that many persons have been fatally burned or disfigured while cleaning garments at home. So the first and best advice is: "Don't do it."

Garments may still be dry cleaned cheaply and far more efficiently and safely by dry cleaning establishments. Those who still insist on attempting this work at home should keep six rules in mind.

Important!

1. Use only a non-flammable fluid. (A can of cleaning fluid may be marked "non-explosive" and still be flammable.)
2. Keep the hands out of the fluid by using a stick to gently stir.
3. Do the cleaning outside of the house where all toxic and other vapors will be carried off in the open air.
4. Dry garments outdoors.
5. Keep children and pets away.
6. Never, under any circumstances, use gasoline, naptha, or kerosene for garment-cleaning purposes.

Home Washing

Many women have discovered since the war that they can wash successfully many garments formerly sent out for dry cleaning. In general, use mild soap suds and lukewarm water for both washing and rinsing. Squeeze the garment instead of rubbing and wringing. Roll it in a thick bath towel to remove excess moisture rapidly. Press with a warm, but not hot, iron when almost dry.

Take Care of Sheets

WHEN buying sheets choose those that you can tuck in at the foot of the beds and still be long enough to fold back over the blankets at the top. Jot down the width and length of the beds for which you are buying before you go to the store, and shop accordingly.

Since May 1942 sheets have had to be labeled to show just what grade they are. This helps you to know quality. But examine texture and weight, hold the sheet over a dark surface and rub it together a little to see if any white powder flecks off. That would mean that sizing had been used, and sizing might cover up poor weaving or poor texture. Sizing washes out in a very short time and leaves a thinner, more sleazy fabric.

Laundering Care

WHITE sheets should be washed in hot soapy water and rinsed until the rinse is clear. Boiling keeps them white. And don't forget bluing in the rinse. Colored sheets should be washed in warm water and well rinsed, but never boiled nor hung in the sunshine. —*E. M.*

NAZI-JAP ERASER

For free labels in patriotic colors to paste on fat-saving containers send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Household Almanac. The American Weekly, 235 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

How to look *luscious* in a Close-up!

Lucille Ball's 2 beauty tricks!

1 for a luscious skin
THIS ONE COMPLETE CREAM

Yes! This satiny cream is all she needs, all *you* need . . . takes *just seconds!*

Off with the day's dusty, tired-skin look . . . *on* with glowing freshness . . . with just a swirl of Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. *Cleanses. Brightens. Softens, smooths . . . Starts erasing tiny dry-skin lines . . . Leaves skin exquisite* . . . for glamour-smooth make-up. (All the time, you re extra safe against blemish-causing germs from dust and soiled fingers, because *Stericin,* exclusive ingredient, works in the jar constantly to purify the cream.)

After Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, *see* your skin . . . ravishing as never before! Better get a jar *now.* 10¢ to $1.25.

Woodbury
COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES THOROUGHLY—*DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES*

LUCILLE BALL
appearing in
"MEET THE PEOPLE"
a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
picture

2 for a luscious finish
THE STAR-STYLED POWDER

Lucille Ball wears exquisite *Woodbury Rachel* . . . made to give creamy skin like hers that rich, lustrous, ivory tone.

Fluff on *your* Hollywood-right shade of heavenly Woodbury Powder. See it give your skin the *loveliest color-tone . . . clear flower-freshness . . . satin-smoothness* . . . loveliness that stays film-star-perfect hour after hour!

Now you're ready for your date . . . with a skin so delectable *he'll* come close . . . *closer!* Choose from the 8 enchanting Woodbury shades . . . *now.*

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED **Powder**

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! $1 . . . Now with your lovely big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right, glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge . . . *at no extra cost!* A beauty bargain.
ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

They're on sale again . . . delicious B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans . . . the genuine New England baked beans, baked (not steamed) slowly . . . all day long . . . to give you extra-tempting flavor. Whenever your Grocer is out, remember it's this long, slow baking that keeps us from hurrying more of these Down East favorites your way. Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland 2, Me.

GENUINE NEW ENGLAND
B&M
BRICK-OVEN
BAKED BEANS

YOUR BABY NEEDS THIS SPECIAL CARE

Baby grows healthy and strong when he eats well . . . and most important, when he sleeps well. But when diaper rash, heat rash, or other minor skin rashes make him itch and burn, baby can't sleep. That's why mothers rely on Mexsana, the soothing, medicated powder. This 40 year favorite not only eases, but really helps prevent tormenting diaper rash. Mexsana soothes other minor skin irritations too. Contains ingredients specialists often use to relieve these discomforts. Costs little. For baby's sake, get Mexsana.

GET THE DROP ON THAT SPOT

by using Mufti, the multi-use spot remover. Removes many spots from curtains, drapes, upholstery, uniforms, dresses and other articles made of many kinds of material. Help relieve overworked cleaning plants by using Mufti at home. Be sure to get

MUFTI
30c & 50c Sizes
THE MULTI USE SPOT REMOVER

BUY St. Joseph ASPIRIN
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

Emergency Shelf Dinners

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

KITCHENETTES and pantry-less apartments are among today's burdens—limitations thousands of new housekeepers have to put up with, and in spite of them, feed their families well.

Keeping a supply of food on hand was easier for their grandmothers. Every house had a large kitchen and a pantry as a matter of course, and usually a "cold cellar" with fruits, vegetables and rows of canned foods. Unexpected company for supper was no problem because the larder was full.

Tiny as today's small house or apartment may be, you can always have some sort of emergency supplies ready, if only enough to make a casserole supper—one hot dish, salad and coffee. In addition to coffee, tea and your refrigerator and dry staples, a can or two of some favorite supper food on a shelf is enough for a starter. Then have one or two other reserve foods in the refrigerator and you are ready for almost any unexpected guest.

Use the check list below and stock the refrigerator and shelf space with your favorites. Write out emergency menus based on these supplies, and paste these menus in your favorite cook book. Then let the door bell ring with guests.

Here are dishes easily made from canned foods. Add your own version of seasonings, spices and condiments, garnishes and sauces to vary the flavor and give them your individual touch.

And next day shop for duplicates so the emergency shelf is never bare; take advantage of specials in canned foods, lowered point values or unexpected releases of canned stock authorized by the Government.

Asparagus Loaf

1 No. 2 can asparagus (2½ cups)
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon curry powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups cooked rice
2 eggs, beaten

Drain the asparagus and save the liquid. Melt the butter; blend in the curry, salt and flour. Add the asparagus liquid; cook until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add the rice and eggs and mix thoroughly.

Cover the bottom of a greased small loaf pan with half of the asparagus and top this with one half of the rice mixture; repeat the layers. Bake it in a moderate oven (350 Deg. F.) one hour. Serve with crisp bacon strips. Four to six servings.

Hurry-Up Dinner

Browned Corned Beef Hash Patties
Salad Bowl of Tomato Wedges, Onion Slices and Salad Greens with French Dressing
Hot Buttered Rolls
Refrigerator Sherbet (or Bought Ice Cream) with Topping of Crushed Berries
Coffee

Late Snack

Browned Sliced Spiced Pork with Scrambled Eggs
Buttered Toast or Rusk
Coffee

Shape Canned Corned Beef Hash Into Small Patties and Brown in Hot Fat. Serve With Salad, Dessert and Coffee.

Beets en Casserole

1 No. 2 can small whole or diced beets (2½ cups)
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons mixed horseradish
½ cup buttered bread crumbs

Drain the beets; measure one cup of the beet liquid. Melt the butter in a saucepan; blend in the flour. Gradually add the one cup of beet liquid and cook this until the mixture begins to thicken, stirring constantly. Add the sugar, salt and horseradish. Add the beets. Pour into a greased baking dish or casserole and top with crumbs.

Bake in moderately hot oven (375 Deg. F.) about 20 minutes, or until the crumbs are browned. Four to six servings in this.

Tomato Cakes

1 No. 2 can tomatoes
3 eggs, beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
1½ teaspoons salt
Few grains pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1¾ cups fine cracker crumbs

Combine the tomatoes, eggs, butter, salt, pepper, parsley and crumbs. Mix well. Drop from a tablespoon onto a greased hot griddle. Bake them until browned, turning to brown both sides. Six servings.

Serve hot; delicious on a vegetable plate.

Creamed Potatoes and Peas

1 cup canned peas
1½ cups cooked potatoes
2 tablespoons butter or fortified margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Cut the boiled potatoes in small cubes. Make a White Sauce by melting the butter, adding the flour and mixing smoothly. Add the milk, stir and cook till thickened. Add the salt and pepper and then the vegetables. Heat thoroughly and serve. Five servings.

Company Luncheon

Creamed Canned Chicken with Pimientoes on Melba Toast
Hot Canned Asparagus Stalks, Minced Parsley
Endive and Cottage Cheese Salad, French Dressing
Sliced Nut Bread and Honey
Tea

Sunday Night Supper

Hot Pork and Beans
Chopped Cabbage and Radish Slaw
Toast or Hot Biscuits with Marmalade
Fruit and Cookies
Coffee or Milk

Select Those You Like to Use

Boxed crackers, toast, zweiback, rusk and cookies; macaroni, spaghetti, noodles, rice.
Canned peeled tomatoes; corn kernels for stuffing, or creamed corn for pudding; small peas, asparagus, string potatoes, sweet potatoes, lima beans, baked beans; other favorite vegetables; fruit for pies and for desserts; sausages, frankfurters, corned beef hash, meat loaves and other meat products; soups to be mixed or used as is; fish and seafood; chicken, turkey, duck.
Canned or bottled olives, pickles, relishes, chutneys, pimientoes.
Canned or bottled tomato and fruit juices.
Cereals ready to eat or quick-cooking.
Cheese in glass, or other packages.
Condiments and Sauces such as prepared and dry mustard, whips, mayonnaise, French dressing, vinegars, horseradish, table and cooking sauces; spices and herbs, not forgetting curry powder.
Dehydrated or dried soup mixes.
Dried fruits such as bananas, dates, raisins, prunes and others.
Gelatin, plain, unflavored for quick aspics and desserts; also your favorite flavored dessert gelatins.
Honey for waffles; sweeteners and other uses.
Peanut Butter, for shortening, sandwiches, spreads; in cookery and baking.
Quick mixed ice cream preparations; puddings and desserts.
Ready mixed gingerbread, biscuits and others.
Walnuts or peanuts, pecans, almonds, etc.

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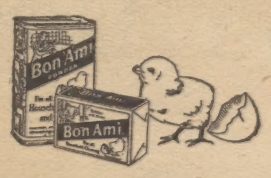

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War Bonds can't buy back a soldier's life but they can save another's

California Grape Pie

MISS LUCY LENDEN, of Oakland, Calif., says she thinks this is the best pie anyone ever made. She insists that the tiny green or white seedless grapes must be used. And from my own experience I want to remind you to wash them extra carefully this summer—some I bought in New York had a faint flavor, possibly of a chemical spray used on the vines, even after I had washed them under running water and repeated the washing several times.

Here is her recipe:

- 1 pound seedless white grapes
- ½ cup sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1½ tablespoons cornstarch
- ¾ cup boiling water
- 1 tablespoon butter or substitute
- 1 baked pie shell

Wash the grapes carefully and stem them. Sift the sugar and cornstarch together into a saucepan, or the upper part of a double boiler; slowly add the boiling water and stir all the time. Bring to boiling, add the salt, butter, lemon juice and the grapes. Cook over low heat or hot water, stirring for eight minutes. Pour into the baked pie shell.

Cover with a meringue, or a thin layer of whipped cream, or with crushed cake or cooky crumbs.

To make the meringue:

- 1 or 2 egg whites
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ½ teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind

Beat the egg whites till foamy, add the sugar gradually and continue beating to blend well. Add the grated rind and beat till the mixture stands in peaks. Add the flavoring. Pile roughly on the pie. Set it in a moderate oven (325 Deg. F.) to brown the top.

Corn and Egg Scallop

- 1 12-ounce or No. 2 can whole kernel corn
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- 2 cups well-seasoned White Sauce
- 2 tablespoons minced green pepper
- ½ teaspoon grated onion
- 6 tablespoons crumbs

Arrange in a greased baking dish or casserole alternate layers of the corn, bread crumbs and eggs. Combine the White Sauce, pepper and onion and pour over the mixture in the casserole. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake this in a moderately hot oven (375 Deg. F.) 15 minutes or until the crumbs are browned. Four to six servings.

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BLAME YOURSELF IF TEETH 'GO' AT THE GUMLINE

8 IN 10 MAY RUN THIS RISK!

8 in 10 YOU May Risk Cavities Like These

See that cavity in the tooth above? It's NOT decay or erosion! That cavity was caused by daily scouring. Dental clinic studies have shown that *over half of all adults examined* had these cavities—and *more than 8 in 10 risked getting them*—cavities ground into the softer tooth structure exposed by receding gums.

BUT— extensive laboratory tests show this: **TEETH CLEANED WITH TEEL ARE PROTECTED FROM SUCH CAVITIES . . . BECAUSE TEEL CONTAINS NO SCOURING ABRASIVES. MOREOVER, TEEL IS THE ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT GIVES YOU THIS PROTECTION.**

Only Teel, of all leading dentifrices . . . avoids this trouble!

Why let ugly cavities rob you of your attractive smile—cavities you can easily avoid!

TEEL—the new liquid dentifrice—protects teeth because it cleans without scouring abrasives. Cleans gently—pleasantly. The new TEEL way gets teeth looking their brightest. Leaves breath sweetened — mouth delightfully refreshed.

Just brush daily with TEEL. And one extra minute a week brush with TEEL and plain baking soda. Get TEEL at any drug, department, or 5 and 10¢ store—follow directions on package.

There's beauty in every drop!

BEFORE THIS HAPPENS TO YOU—before gums recede—switch to TEEL. 8 in 10 adults unknowingly may need this protection—urgently—right now!

DO *THIS!* Clean teeth the new TEEL Way. TEEL contains no scouring abrasives—avoids ugly ground-in cavities at the gum line.

NEW SAFE TEEL WAY TAKES ONLY

One Extra Minute a Week!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!
2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an extra minute.

THIS CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH—SAFELY

Teel protects teeth *Beautifully!*

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

Consult the Experts

By URSULA TROW

YOU may pride yourself on being able to wash your hair, set it and style it yourself. But every once in a while it's a good idea to go to a reputable beauty salon.

Maybe your problem is that you are harassed by hair that is too curly and kinky. You have it set smoothly, and then in two hours it provokingly stands on end again. But in the hands of an expert at a salon with a method of de-kinking hair, your locks come out silky smooth and stay that way. This is done with an alkaline cream and works like a permanent wave in reverse. The cream is worked into the scalp and then combed through the hair. The process only takes 15 to 20 minutes and on some heads lasts four months or longer, depending upon the tightness of your natural curl.

Rinsing, dyeing or bleaching, in many instances, adds new life and color to an otherwise drab head of hair. Hair specialists warn, however, if you are contemplating change of color for your hair that you plan a budget of both time and money for regular visits to the beauty parlor so your locks are always kept at the peak of perfection.

Bleaching or dyeing should never be done by an amateur. Go to an experienced beauty operator who understands hair and knows what your particular type of hair can stand.

Oil Treatments

WHEN, through carelessness or ignorance, hair has been overbleached, oil treatments will help return lustre to it. A tonic is used to cleanse such hair and a slightly mulsified oil is then applied. The steam from a hot Turkish towel helps make the oil penetrate into the scalp and hair. Otherwise, the hair must be given time to grow back to its natural color.

To make this process of going back to natural easier, you may want to dye bleached hair back to match your natural coloring. This must be done very carefully, because hair which has been bleached absorbs dye very quickly, and, if it is not watched, will get too dark in the process.

Permanent Waving

AN EXPERIENCED beauty operator is also needed to give you a permanent wave. Great forward strides have been made in permanent waving to accommodate the busy woman of today. The new cool waves, which are very pleasant to sit through, are free of much of the weight of curlers used in some of the other methods, require less time and on some heads are successful in a way no earlier method could achieve. But the kind of wave to have is a matter for you and the hair specialist to decide. It depends on your hair, the kind of curl wanted and other factors.

We have often heard that hair needs a rest period between permanents. This is not true if the right kind of permanent is used for your particular type of hair. A good permanent, expertly applied, does not damage the hair.

Beauty salons can do magical things with your hair these days—not with mirrors, but with lotions, care and experience.

Slipcovers are easy to make. So are clothes closet fittings. Send a stamped addressed envelope for directions for making these furnishings. The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, N. Y., N. Y.

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Avoid Denture Breath—Be careful. It is difficult to reach all the tiny crevices in your plate with a brush and ordinary cleansers . . . and besides you are apt to scratch your plate. These scratches cause food particles and film to collect faster and cling tighter, resulting in offensive Denture Breath.

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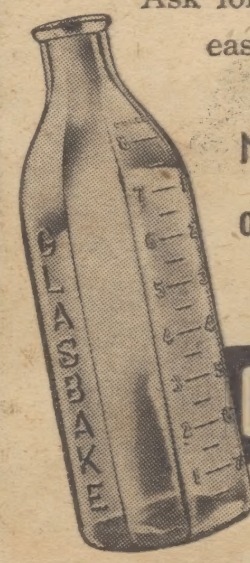

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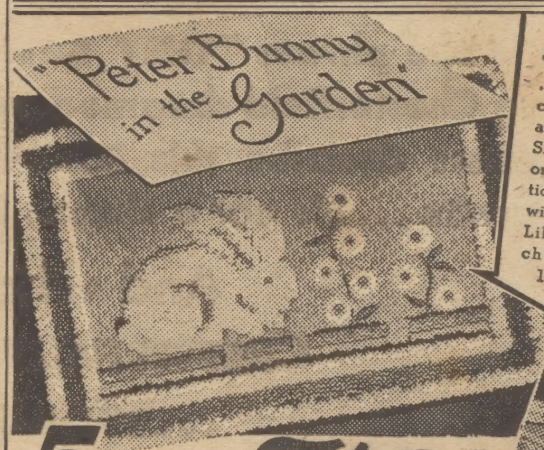

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